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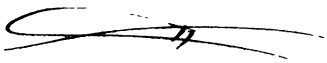
BEQUEATHED BY
Theodore Jewett Eastman

A.B. 1901 - M.D. 1905

1931

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Sarah Anne Jewett
From her Father


THE
OAKLAND STORIES

By
GEORGE B. TAYLOR.



—NEW-YORK,
SHELDON & COMPANY.

Richardson Sc. N. Y.

THE OAKLAND STORIES.

KENNY.

Sarah Olcott
BY
GEO. B. TAYLOR,
OF VIRGINIA.

NEW YORK:
SHELDON & COMPANY.
115 NASSAU STREET.
1860.

AL 362.1.815



*Request of
Sheldon Jewett Eastman*

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859,
By **SHELDON & COMPANY,**
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
BILLIN AND BROTHER, PRINTERS,
XX, NORTH WILLIAM ST.

SCENE OF THE STORY.

Oakland, Mr. ELLIS's residence, about a mile from the city.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

Mr. ELLIS, a wealthy gentleman who is not engaged in any business.

Mrs. ELLIS.

Mr. MERIDETT, a cousin of Mrs. ELLIS, and generally called in the family "Cousin Guy." He is a young minister.

KENNY, the older son of Mr. ELLIS' seven years old.

FRANK, the younger son, four years old. .

GUSTAVE, Mr. ELLIS's gardener, a German.

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P R E F A C E.

THE author was moved to write "The Oakland Stories" chiefly by the remembrance of the pleasure and profit afforded him in his childhood, by the Rollo Books, and other works of similar character. He hereby acknowledges his indebtedness to Jacob Abbott, not only for much instruction received, but also for the *idea* of the present series. The Oakland Stories are, however, strictly original, being in fact, mostly not fiction, but a description of real scenes and persons. The author has sought not so much to convey direct moral and religious instruction, as to have it pervade the very atmosphere of the narrative. He feels quite sure that no youth can be harmed by reading these pages, while he would fain hope that they may prove interesting, and to some humble extent even useful. The present volume will be followed by at least two others of similar character to complete the series.

K E N N Y .

CHAPTER I.

AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

KENNY had been talking with his cousin, Guy ; but now Cousin Guy was busy, and Kenny had no one to keep him company, and nothing to do. He sat down on the stone steps before the front door, feeling not exactly unhappy, but rather uncomfortable. Presently he heard the sound of a horse's feet and of wheels in the lane.

"Ah," said he, "that's my father coming from town. I will go and open the gate for him, and then I will ask him to do something for me."

It was a very common thing with Kenny, when he was lonesome and tired, to ask some of the older members of the family to do something for him. On this occasion he ran to meet his father, and was just in the act of opening the gate when

the carriage came up. The gate was a somewhat peculiar one, very large, of wooden frame, and with iron wire woven into a sort of net-work. Mr. Ellis had found it lying and rusting in a depot yard, had bought it, had it repaired and painted, and now it was a very good and ornamental gate. As the latch was too high for Kenny to reach, when he wanted to open the gate, he would climb up, using the openings in the net-work like rounds of a ladder. Mr. Ellis thought it was very good in Kenny to come in this way and open the gate for him, and when he had driven through, he stopped the horse and took Kenny in the carriage with him, and together they drove round to the stable. As they came to the house, with their hands full of bundles, which Mr. Ellis had brought from town, Kenny said :

“Father, please do something for me. I am so tired.”

“Tired, my son ! what have you been doing ?”

“Oh ! tired of being by myself and having nothing particular to do.”

“What shall I do for you ?” said Mr. Ellis, as they placed the packages on the passage table, and came into the library.

“O ! any thing ; I want *you* to choose.”

“Well, I think I will draw for you, I have told you so many stories.”

—❖—
“That will be first-rate; but I wish you would tell me a story, too.”

“Well, I will first draw you a picture, and then tell you a story about it.”

So Mr. Ellis drew up his large arm-chair to the desk, took off his spectacles, and, bending his head close to the paper, began to draw. He wore spectacles because he was near-sighted; and when he read or wrote, he would frequently take them off, and instead of using them, have the book or paper near his eyes. On this occasion Kenny stood by, no longer listless and fretful, but deeply interested in watching the progress of the picture. Presently Cousin Guy came in and went to the book-case, and took out a large book, which he laid down on the floor, and, kneeling down, began to read. He did not seem to notice that any one was in the room. Kenny, without looking up from the drawing, said:

“I say, Cousin Guy,” and waited for a reply.

“Well?”

“Father is doing something for me. He is drawing me a picture, and then he is going to tell me a story—a story about the picture.”

“What is the picture *of*?”

“I don’t know yet; I am watching. Father, what is that *round* thing?”

“O! you must wait and find out yourself.”



"I can guess without looking," said Cousin Guy.

"What?"

"A wheel."

"Is it, father?"

"Wait and see."

"Cousin Guy, what are you doing with that book?"

"Reading it."

"Why don't you carry it up to your room?"

"Because I don't want to read it long; I am nearly done now."

"What is it?"

"An encyclopedia."

"What is that?"

"A sort of dictionary: a book that tells about a great many things. It is not intended to be read straight through, but to be referred to whenever anybody wants to find out about some particular subject."

"Ah, yes; I understand. Well, what did you want to find out about now?"

"Diamonds."

"That is funny. Will you tell me about them?"

"Yes, some time; but you must learn to read, then you can find out things for yourself."

"I don't care about learning to read. I would rather you and father should *tell* me things."

—❧—
“Kenny,” said Mr. Ellis, “you will disturb Cousin Guy. You look at what I am drawing for you.”

“I am looking, sir. I can look and talk, too; and Cousin Guy can read and talk, too. But O! I see. Father, it is not a wheel. It is not a wheel, Cousin Guy.”

“What is it?”

“I don’t know yet; but it is not a wheel. It is not perfectly round. The upper part is shaped like a pear, with the stem turned downward. O yes, I see now: it is a balloon—yes, it is a balloon.”

And Kenny clapped his hands in glee at having found out that it was a balloon.

Mr. Ellis seemed pleased at Kenny’s delight, but said nothing, and quietly went on with his drawing. Having drawn the outline of the balloon, he proceeded to draw two men sitting in the car below, and fine net-work over all the upper part, and the cords extending from the sides and holding the balloon to the ground. The cords were straight, and had the appearance of being stretched very tight.

“Ah!” said Kenny, “it looks as if it was pulling away, and wanted to fly off among the clouds.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Ellis, “if those cords were cut, away it would go.”



Both he and Kenny were evidently beginning to feel as if it were a real balloon.

"Now, father, please draw a whole crowd of people looking on at the balloon about to go up."

"Presently, as soon as I have drawn some flags hanging out."

"Why, father," said Kenny, in a minute more, "what are all those round things?"

"Those are the heads of the people," said Mr. Ellis; and, sure enough, pretty soon, there seemed to be a great crowd of people standing around. Then he drew in the background a house and some trees, and then—the picture was done.

"Oh! I hope the balloon will not get tangled in those woods," said Kenny.

Cousin Guy now got up, and put the large book back in its place, and then came and stood behind Mr. Ellis and Kenny, and looked over their shoulders at the picture which was lying before them on the desk. He said quite earnestly:

"Oh! what a good picture. Mr. Ellis, I did not know you could draw so well. Did you ever take drawing lessons?"

"No, I never took regular lessons, but I was always fond of drawing, and used to practise a good deal. When I was a boy, I thought I would be a surveyor."

—❧—
“What is that?” asked Kenny.

“A man who goes and looks at ground, and measures it, and then makes a map or picture of it, and describes how much it is, and how it lies—that is, whether it is level or hilly, and whether any streams run through it.”

“I always thought,” said Cousin Guy, “that if I were not a preacher, I would like to be a surveyor. It would be so pleasant to be so much out of doors, and then I could collect all sorts of woods, and leaves, and flowers, and insects.”

“I should like *that*,” said Kenny.

“I will show you,” said Mr. Ellis, addressing Cousin Guy, “a picture that I drew when I was at college—a picture of one of the professors.”

So he opened the desk, and then touched a spring, and a little secret drawer flew open. This drawer seemed to contain little things that Mr. Ellis prized very much. Kenny was anxious to examine them, and Mr. Ellis promised him that some day he might do so. From this drawer, Mr. Ellis took out and handed to Cousin Guy the picture, saying: “That is Dr. W——, and is really exactly like him. I prize it very much.” The picture Cousin Guy thought excellent, and so did Kenny, though *he* liked the balloon better. The face was a very remarkable one indeed. The eyebrows were large and shaggy, and overhanging



deep-set eyes; they wore a very stern appearance. The nose, too, was unusually large.

"But, father," said Kenny, "you forgot you were going to tell me a story about the picture?"

"And you, Kenny," said Cousin Guy, "are forgetting to thank your father for drawing for you."

"O no! Cousin Guy, I am only waiting for the story, and then I mean to thank him for all at once. It *is* a beautiful picture."

"I will give you your choice," said his father, "whether I shall tell you a story about this balloon, or tell you all about how a balloon is made and used."

"*Both, sir.*"

"I cannot tell you both now."

"Will you tell me one now, and the other some day."

"I reckon so."

"Which shall I have first, cousin?"

"Have the description first, then you will understand the story better afterwards." So Kenny concluded he would have the description, and wait for the story. But before his father could give it to him, the dinner-bell rang, and all three went into the dining-room, where they found Mrs. Ellis and Frank waiting for them.

After dinner all went into the library. Mrs.



Ellis read the papers which Mr. Ellis had brought from the post-office. Cousin Guy romped with Kenny and Frank, and Mr. Ellis went to the book-case and took out a large book, like that which Cousin Guy had been reading, and turned over the leaves, as if looking for something. Kenny came and stood by him, and said :

"Father, Cousin Guy looked in that book to find out about some particular thing; what do you want to find out about?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Balloons!"

"Yes, balloons. I promised to tell you about them, and though I know something already, I thought I would learn some more. You see how convenient it is to be able to read."

"We've got a lot of books, father, when I do learn. I almost wish I did know how."

Kenny was old enough to learn, but he did not seem inclined to do so, and his parents wisely did not press him, as they feared it would give him a distaste for study, and besides, they did not want him to sit still or apply his mind much while he was young, lest it should injure his health. At the same time, they thought it would be a source of interesting employment for him if he could only read, and they frequently spoke of the advantage of reading, hoping that Kenny would



himself become anxious to learn, in which case it would be very easy. And, in fact, by looking at pictures, and having them explained to him, he was gradually, and almost without knowing it, learning to make out short and simple words.

"Well, now, father," said Kenny, as Mr. Ellis put the book away, "tell me about balloons."

"I will, and the best way will be for you to ask me whatever you want to know."

"What are they made of, and how do they go up?"

"They are generally made of oil silk, and are filled with gas—lighter than air—so that they rise in the air, just as a cork, being lighter than water, rises in the water. Over the silk is a net-work to protect the silk, as it is easily torn, and a very small hole even would let the gas out, so that the balloon would not go up."

"Would a *pin-hole* let the gas out?"

"Yes; but not very fast."

"How do men ride in balloons? I should think they would tear the silk."

"There is a car hung on below in which they sit."

"Yes, I remember you drew it so. But, father, how do they make the balloon come down?"

"By letting out some of the light gas; something as the engineer makes the engine go slower and stop by letting off the steam."



"Can they guide the balloon?"

"Not much; it generally goes wherever the wind carries it. Sometimes it descends into the ocean, sometimes into a tree. They generally carry up weights, and then if the balloon begins to descend too fast, or is about to fall into some dangerous place, they throw out the weights, so that it falls more slowly, and the wind may blow it where it will come down safely. But, after all, there is danger."

"Suppose the balloon should tear, or any thing should happen when it was away up, what would the men do? They would certainly be killed, wouldn't they?"

"They generally carry with them a parachute, which is an instrument something like an umbrella; holding this in the hand, a man may often descend without injury."

"But, papa, you did not tell me how they got the gas into the balloon."

"The gas is made in a vessel, and then conducted into the balloon by tubes made for the purpose. I saw one once while it was being filled; it was held to the earth by cords, and it swung back and forth in the wind as if it longed to be gone."

"How I should like to sail in a balloon! it would be so funny to be over the tops of the

houses, and to look down on people's heads and into the chimneys!"

"I don't think you will ever ride in one. You will hardly have a chance, and if you did, you would probably be afraid to go. But you might *have* a small balloon."

"O! father, that would be splendid! How shall I get it? When shall I have it?"

"I will give you the materials, and Gustave and you can make it. I do not know exactly *when* it will be, and you must have patience. I cannot explain to you how it is made. I have not time to talk to you any more now, besides you must wait and see for yourself. Now, run and play."

"Yes, father, I thank you for drawing for me and talking to me, and please don't forget the story you are to tell me about a balloon. I will go now and tell Gustave."

So Kenny went into the garden to find Gustave. He found him carrying pea-sticks in a wheel-barrow, and as Gustave put these away in the stable loft, and then went back for another load, Kenny told him all that his father had been telling, and especially the promise of a balloon. Gustave said he knew how to make it, and would make it any time that Mr. Ellis wanted him. Gustave was not only a very ingenious fellow, but very



pleasant and accommodating, and willing to do any thing for any of the family.

When Kenny had talked to Gustave, and played till he was tired, he thought he would pay Cousin Guy a visit, and see if he was at leisure now, and would talk to him. Kenny was very fond of having Cousin Guy talk to him. Going to his room now, he found him at his desk writing, and apparently very busy. Kenny tripped in very softly, and stood by the desk. Presently Cousin Guy said :

“Well, Kenny.”

“Please, Cousin Guy, do something for me.”

“Don’t you see I am busy ?”

“Yes, but I thought maybe you would stop.”

“I cannot stop now to talk to you, Kenny. I am writing my sermon.”

“I wonder if it will have any thing in it that I can understand.”

“Yes, I think so ; I want you to look out. I will give you something to do now, that will be better than doing something for you.”

“What is it ?”

“Take the picture your father drew for you this morning, and get a pair of scissors and cut out the picture from the rest of the paper, cutting along the lines made by the pencil. This will employ you till supper. Do you understand what I mean ?”

“Yes, I reckon so. Will it be of any use besides keeping me busy?”

“Yes, I think it will be useful to you; but I cannot talk to you now. You may come here and sit if you will be still.”

So Kenny came and sat by Cousin Guy, and amused himself in the way proposed till supper time; by which time he had the balloon and the house cut out of the paper, but the tree and the crowd of people, he said, he could not cut out. As they went down together, Kenny asked Cousin Guy what good it did to cut out pictures. Cousin Guy answered that it would teach him exactly the shape of things, and help him to draw them; and besides, when he had cut the shape of any thing he could lay it on paper, and, drawing the pencil round the edges, make a copy. When Mr. Ellis heard of this, he said it was a very good idea indeed. And after supper Kenny laid the balloon on a piece of paper, and by drawing the pencil along the edges, in the way directed, he drew a balloon which, Mr. Ellis said, was almost equal to the original.

This day was quite an era in Kenny's life. From this time, almost every day, Mr. Ellis would draw something for him, telling him about the things drawn. Kenny would look on, making remarks and suggestions. It was very little trouble to Mr.



Ellis, as he drew so well, and Kenny both derived great pleasure and really got a very good idea of the way to draw. All the pictures he kept very carefully. And all that he could, he cut out and pasted in a blank book, which his father gave him for the purpose.

But at last Kenny became so fond of these pictures, and had learned so well how to cut them out, that his father concluded to let him make them for himself. He would often begin a picture, and let Kenny finish it. Sometimes he would look over and tell him how to make certain lines, and occasionally take the pencil and put on a touch or two. When a picture was done, he would praise its excellences, and criticize its defects. In this way he would both improve Kenny in his drawing and encourage him to try. Mr. Ellis was quite glad to see Kenny so fond of drawing, as he thought it a very desirable accomplishment, and he knew that he could learn better than after he became older, and that by such constant practice he would acquire great facility in using his pencil. He found, too, that Kenny was better pleased with drawing for himself, with a little assistance, than in having it done for him. There was also this advantage, that Kenny could now amuse himself for hours without relying much upon others. He was constantly calling for paper, but with this he



was plentifully supplied—his father and cousin giving the blank paper of all the letters which they received. Occasionally he would scribble on books, or on the walls; but after one or two lectures on the impropriety of such employment, he concluded to leave it for Frank, who did not know any better.

One day Kenny came to his cousin's room bringing a picture, and laid it before him. It was a picture of a horse rearing on his hind feet, and the rider drawing the reins tightly. It was quite a spirited picture, indeed. Cousin Guy looked at it and admired it, and then said :

“I suppose your father drew that for you.”

“No, I drew it myself. Father did not even help me.”

Cousin Guy was puzzled. He knew that Kenny would not tell a story, and yet he could hardly believe that he had drawn so good a picture entirely without help, so he said :

“Didn't you have any help of any kind?”

Up to this time Kenny had looked very grave, but now the corners of his mouth began to move, and he said :

“No person helped me, cousin. You must find out the rest yourself.”

“That night the mystery was explained. Over the mantel-piece in the library was a picture of



Equestrian Statue.

the equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond, which Mr. Ellis had purchased that day. Kenny, laying a piece of thin paper upon it, observed that he could see the picture through the paper, and, carefully holding the paper in this way, had succeeded in making an almost exact copy.

After this, Kenny would frequently draw in this way, and bring the picture to Cousin Guy, who would be very much surprised at first, until he remembered how it was done.

"Cousin Guy," said Kenny one day, "why don't *you* draw some for me sometimes?"

"You know, Kenny, I tell you stories and talk to you. That is my part."

"Yes, I know that, but father talks to me and tells me stories, and draws for me, too."

"Your father knows how to draw: I do not."

"Did you never learn?"

"No, I never learned, and do not think I have any talent for it."

"I think," said Mr. Ellis, "that almost every one can learn to draw, if he will only try, and practise. I have no doubt that you could now even draw a great deal better than you have any idea of."

"Do you really think so? I would like very much to be able to draw, if it was only a little."



“Suppose now you try: take a picture, and try to copy it as exactly as you can.”

“Please do, Cousin Guy,” said Kenny; “I want so much to see you draw.”

“And will you promise not to laugh at me?”

“Of course I will not laugh at you.”

Here Mr. Ellis took a book from the library, and opened to a page on which there were pictures of three horses—an Arabian, a hunter, and an English racer; and asked Cousin Guy to copy one of these. He said he would be very glad to try, and asked Kenny which he should draw. Kenny chose the Arabian. Cousin Guy then laid the book before him on the desk, and began very carefully to make the copy. He said it reminded him of when he was a little boy learning to write. Presently, Kenny, who was watching with intense interest the progress of the picture, exclaimed:

“O, what a beautiful head!”

“Yes, Kenny,” said Cousin Guy, “I can make the head and neck very well, but the hind legs are the difficult part.”

“Just follow the copy,” said Mr. Ellis, “and it will come out more like than you think.”

“I think,” said Kenny, “it *is* coming out first-rate.”

At length, the figure was drawn; then the mane, and tail, and eyes, and Cousin Guy quietly sur-

rendered the picture to Kenny, who triumphantly carried it to his father. Mr. Ellis said it was even better than he expected, and that he had no doubt Cousin Guy could learn to draw quite well if he would only practise. The picture was really quite a pretty one. Kenny admired especially the beautiful arching neck, and asked Cousin Guy to give the picture to him; but Mr. Ellis advised him to keep it, as it was the first he had ever drawn; so Cousin Guy promised to draw Kenny another.

"In fact," said he, "the next, you know, will be better."

But Kenny declared that Cousin Guy could not beat that. His father, he said, could not beat it much.

"But can't you tell me a story about your horse?" continued he. "Father is going to tell me one about the balloon he drew."

"Yes; I reckon so. I know a very pretty little one about an Arabian horse. I read it in my school reader when I was a boy."

"Will you tell me now?"

"Not now, but some day soon, if you don't ask me too often."

"I'm afraid you might forget if I did not remind you."

"No; I will not forget."

Kenny was sometimes a little troublesome, teaz-

ing when he wanted to go any where, or have any thing; and Cousin Guy, to break him of this, would never give him any thing or do any thing for him in return for it. This was what he meant when he told Kenny that he would tell him the story soon, if he did not ask too often. Kenny understood it very well.

As Cousin Guy started up stairs, he heard Kenny ask his father to give him something to put all his pictures in, and he called out:

“Kenny, come with me to my room, and I will give you something.”

“O! thank you; what is it?” cried Kenny, as he bounded up stairs. “Is it a box? What is it?”

“No, it is not a box. It is a portfolio.”

“What is a portfolio?”

“Something expressly to put papers in.”

“O, that is capital!”

Cousin Guy opened his desk, and took out and handed to Kenny something which looked very much like a large, thin book, with the leaves taken out.

“And so this is a portfolio?” said Kenny.

“Yes; a home-made one.”

“What do you mean by that? Did you make it?”

“No, not exactly; but it was originally made

and used for a scissors case. It has on it now 'Superior Scissors, Manufactured by Joseph Rogers and Sons, Cutlers to His Majesty, No. 6 Norfolk street, Sheffield.' A hardware merchant, who had sold all the scissors out of it, gave it to me, and I have used it for years as a portfolio. It answers very well. You first put in your papers, and then fold over it this piece of soft leather, and then shut the lids, and the papers are kept very safely and smoothly."

"O, I see; it does beautifully. Thank you; thank you."

"I have something else here for you."

"What is it?"

Cousin Guy made no reply, but handed him a small piece of paper, out of which a piece of irregular shape had been cut.

"Why, what is this?"

"Wait till night and I will show you."

"Till night?"

"Yes; I cannot explain it to you very well, and I cannot *show* you until it is dark, and the gas is lighted."

Of course, Kenny had nothing to do but to wait, though he felt considerable curiosity and impatience; so he carefully deposited the curious paper in his portfolio, and left the room.

It was scarcely dark when he returned, saying:

“Cousin Guy, it is dark now, and the gas is turned on, so you can show me this paper. Come down to the library, father and mother are there, and want to see, too.”

Although Mr. Ellis lived a little way out of the city, he had had the gas pipes brought out to his house; and in the cellar there was a cock to turn off the gas from coming into the house, when it was not being used. Every evening before the gas could be lighted in the house, it was necessary for some one to go down in the cellar, and “turn on the gas.” This was what Kenny meant, when he said “the gas is turned on.”

He and Cousin Guy went together into the library, and found the gas lighted, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis reading. They both stopped to see what Cousin Guy had to show. He took the paper, and held it a short distance from the white wall. Immediately, Kenny clapped his hands, and cried, “Oh! there is a man’s face on the wall!”

Sure enough, the light, shining through the opening cut in the paper, made a perfect and beautiful face. It seemed very strange, too, as the cut in the paper was not the shape of a face at all. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis both expressed their surprise at this, and Mrs. Ellis remarked upon the sadness of the countenance, and asked what it was.



The Mysterious Figure

—❧—

“It represents,” said he, “the face of the Saviour—the suffering Saviour.”

“Yes, I thought so,” said Mr. Ellis; “where did you get it? You did not find it out yourself, did you?”

“Oh, no! it was invented, I believe, by a monk. This was given to me by a gentleman when I was a boy. He had been staying at our house, and, when he left, he gave it to me, telling me to find out for myself what it was.”

“And did you find out?” inquired Kenny.

“Yes; after a while, I held it before the light, and noticed the image, and then, by getting it just the right distance, found that it made a perfect face. I at once thought it was intended for the Saviour, for it very much resembled a picture of him which my father had. After a while the gentleman came back, and, hearing that I had found out how to use the paper, told me that he had brought it from Europe, and that it had been invented by a monk. Since then, I have given away a great many copies.”

All this while, Kenny, while listening, had been holding the paper, and moving it different distances from the wall. There was a particular distance which made the image appear just right. When the paper was held nearer or farther off, the image was confused and indistinct. It was



quite interesting to notice, as the paper was brought slowly into the right position, how the features of the face gradually appeared, until the picture became distinct and beautiful. When all had looked at it enough, Kenny went to show it to Gustave, who thought it very curious indeed. Kenny, then, carefully put the paper in his portfolio. Frequently, afterwards, he showed it to his cousins and young friends who came to see him, though he could not very well exhibit it to those who were not there at night. All were so much interested in it that Cousin Guy was frequently applied to for copies, which he easily cut out, by laying this on a piece of paper, and following, with the point of a penknife, the edges of the figure cut out.



CHAPTER II.

AIR NAVIGATION.

A FEW days after the scenes described in the last chapter, Mr. Ellis announced at the breakfast table that he was presently going in the carriage to town, and asked Kenny if he wanted to go.

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Kenny.

So when Gustave drove round to the door, Kenny was there waiting, and pretty soon he and his father got in, and went into the city. Though it was a very little way from Mr. Ellis's to the edge of the city, it was some distance to the centre, where the post-office and the principal stores were, and Mr. Ellis generally rode in, in the carriage. He usually had a good deal of business to attend to, and went to a good many places. When he was alone, he would tie Dave at some post, while he left the carriage. But when Kenny was along, he would sit in the carriage and hold the reins, and take care of what was in the carriage. Kenny

would amuse himself by looking at the people passing. There were so many, that at first Kenny had thought that they must be going to some meeting; but he soon found out that it was always so. Sometimes when he had to sit in the carriage a long time, he would become rather impatient, and even alarmed, lest something had happened to keep his father from coming. But he seldom complained, for he was generally so glad to see his father, that he forgot how badly he had felt; besides, he knew that if he complained, his father would not bring him, and, on the whole, he liked very much to come.

This morning, after Mr. Ellis had been to a good many places, he stopped at a large book store, and jumped out, and commenced tying the horse, saying, as he did so:

"Kenny, you may get out here, and go in with me, I am going to buy something for you."

As they went in, he continued:

"I want to get you some drawing materials."

Kenny was, of course, delighted.

When the store-keeper came forward, bowing, and asked Mr. Ellis what he would have, he asked to look at some pencils, and from these selected two. He explained to Kenny that one of these was hard, and made a fine mark, and was intended for drawing outlines; while the other was soft, and



made a coarse mark, and was for filling up and shading. Kenny seemed to understand very well, especially as his father showed him the difference by drawing a little for him, using the two pencils in the ways they were intended. Then Mr. Ellis asked for drawing paper, and the gentleman showed him some quite thick and soft, and rather rough, which he said was the kind generally used. It was in separate sheets, each about as large as a page of letter paper. Mr. Ellis took twenty-five of these. Then, he said :

“I believe this is all that is needed for drawing.”

But Kenny suggested india-rubber; “to rub out mistakes,” he said. So Mr. Ellis bought a piece of that, too. Then the gentleman, who was waiting on them, took out of a drawer a square piece of board, and said :

“You will want a drawing board, will you not?”

Kenny thought his portfolio would do very well ; but his father said the drawing-board was hard and firm, and would do better, and he wanted him to have all that would be of any use to him ; besides, the board did not cost much. The store-keeper then asked if they did not want cards, with pictures, to be copied. But Mr. Ellis said that he would get them after a while. At present,



he did not want Kenny to take regular lessons, but only to have all the materials, so that he could draw whatever he wanted.

Mr. Ellis then asked for tissue paper.

"What kind of paper is that?" inquired Kenny.

"Wait and you will see," said his father.

In a moment, the store-keeper handed from a drawer a good many large sheets of very thin paper. The sheets were different colors—white, pink, yellow, etc. Mr. Ellis said he would take ten sheets. Kenny was very anxious to know what they were for. His father told him they were for him, but he must wait to see what they were for till they got home. Kenny said he knew they were not for drawing; they were too thin for that; besides most of the sheets were not the right color for drawing. Mr. Ellis only said, "Wait and you will see," and asked the store-keeper for a large sponge, which he got and put with the other things. He also asked for some wire, but the gentleman said they had no wire. Kenny's curiosity was now very much excited; and he amused his father, and the store-keeper, and other persons in the store, by saying:

"I wish I knew, I wish I knew; I cannot guess."

As they wanted nothing more, all the things which they had bought were put into a bundle.



Kenny was much interested in seeing this done. The gentleman first laid the drawing-board on the paper in which he was going to wrap the things up. On that he laid the tissue paper, folded to a suitable size; then the drawing paper, on the top of which he placed the pencils, the sponge, and the india-rubber. He folded the wrapping-paper over it all, and tied it with twine, which he cut off with a pair of scissors. It made quite a neat bundle. Mr. Ellis handed a gold piece in payment, and when he had received some silver in change, he told Kenny to take the bundle and come on. Kenny did so, thinking it was very good in his father to take so much trouble, and spend so much money for him, and wondering what the tissue paper, and sponge, and wire could be for. When they got into the carriage, he said:

"Now, I suppose, we will go straight home, and I will soon find out your secret."

"No, not quite yet; you know I have to buy some wire, and besides, I have to get some other things for you."

"For *me*, sir?"

"Yes; for you. Here, we will stop at this post, and tie Dave; I want to go into both of these stores."

Accordingly, they went first into a hardware store, where Mr. Ellis bought some wire, and then



into an apothecary's store, where he bought a little vial of liquid gum arabic, with a brush extending through the stopper, the handle above, and the hair dipping into the liquid ; also some spirits of wine. This was in the cellar in a barrel. The young man who went for it, said they kept it down there, as it was dangerous, being liable to take fire. Kenny went down with him, and saw him turn a spigot, and let the liquid run into a tin measure, and then, with a funnel, pour it into a black bottle which he had provided for the purpose.

When they got into the carriage this time, Mr. Ellis said he had made all his purchases ; so they drove straight home. Kenny ran to Cousin Guy to carry him his letters and papers from the post-office, and to show him the drawing materials, and to tell him of the mysterious purchases. But dinner was nearly ready, and Mr. Ellis said after that the mystery would be explained.

Kenny could hardly finish his dessert, for curiosity and guessing. But, at last, all were done eating ; and Mr. Ellis took the tissue paper, and the wire, and the sponge, and the gum arabic, and the bottle of spirits of wine, and, accompanied by Kenny and Cousin Guy, went to the shop. The shop was over the stable. The upper part of the stable was divided into two rooms ; one of them

was used to keep the hay for the horse and cow ; the other was fitted up with a work-bench, and was used as a work-shop. Here Gustave worked on rainy days, doing odd jobs, such as putting panes of glass into windows, making flower frames, and mending his garden tools. At night, too, during the winter, when the nights were long, he would often work in the shop, making things for himself and for his friends. He had made picture frames for his own room, and had made several little presents for Kenny. In fact, he was almost always making some ingenious thing, which, when he was not working at it, he kept carefully in a large tool-chest, which was in the shop. Pretty soon after they came into the shop, Gustave came up, too, looking very much pleased.

Mr. Ellis said :

“Kenny, I promised you should have a balloon, and the things I bought you this morning are to make it with, and Gustave is ready to begin now, and you may stay and see him.”

“Oh ! that is splendid. Won't you stay, too ?”

“No, I must go in presently ; but when the balloon is *done*, we will all come and see it go up.”

So, in a moment, before Gustave had fairly begun, Mr. Ellis left, and presently Cousin Guy followed, too, saying that he was too busy to remain any longer.



"Do you think you will finish it this afternoon, Gustave?" said Kenny.

"Yes; but I don't know whether the paste will be dry enough to send it up this afternoon."

"Gustave, what is that stuff in the black bottle for?"

"That is to help make it go up."

"How does it do it?"

"You must wait and see, and then get your father to explain it to you."

"Well, you must take care of the black bottle. The man who sold it to us said it was easy to take fire; and if it should catch fire here, with all Dave's hay in the next room, it would be dreadful."

Meanwhile, Gustave had taken seven of the sheets of tissue paper, and, spreading them out, had laid them smoothly in a pile, so that, being the same size, the edges of all corresponded. He now proceeded, with a large pair of shears, to cut them into the proper shape, which was something like that of a kite. Kenny thought it would have been better to cut each sheet separately, but Gustave told him that, by cutting all together, he got them all of exactly the same size and shape. Besides, the paper was so thin, that the large shears easily cut through several sheets at once. Kenny inquired why he did not use all the sheets.



"Because," said Gustave, "these sheets are for the sides of the balloon, and, if I took more, it would be too large for its height. Then, too, it will take one sheet to make the cap."

"I suppose that is the top."

"Yes, these seven sheets are the sides, like the staves of a barrel, and then I shall cut out a round piece for the top. The other two sheets I shall keep, in case of a tear in the balloon, so that I can mend it."

"Isn't there to be a bottom?"

"No, it will be open at the bottom."

"I should think, then, the light gas would lose out, and the balloon would not go up. Father told me the other day that the balloon must be perfectly tight, that even a pin-hole would spoil it."

"This is a different sort of balloon, and is not intended to go so long, nor to carry up any weight; the gas will not escape very fast from below, but a small hole in the upper part would spoil it."

"How far will this travel?"

"It depends on how much gas you give it."

"How far can you possibly make it go?"

"I reckon we can fix it to stay up an hour, and in that time it may travel ten miles."

Meanwhile, Gustave had pasted the seven sheets together. While the paste was drying, he pro-



ceeded to cut off two pieces of wire. He measured the circumference of the balloon, and found it just six feet. Accordingly, he cut a piece of wire for a sort of hoop to the bottom of the balloon, a little over six feet, allowing a little for joining the ends together. He then joined the ends by making a loop with the pincers on one end, and bending the other end into the shape of a hook, which he put into the loop, and then bent over, so that it would not come out, and he made this fastening strong, by laying it upon an anvil, and beating it with a hammer. He then cut another piece of wire a little more than two feet long. Kenny asked him how he knew the exact length without measuring. He answered, that he wanted this piece to go right across the middle of the hoop, and that he knew that this, being the diameter, must be about one-third as long as the hoop, which was the circumference.

“Oh! what hard words,” exclaimed Kenny.

Gustave then stuck this piece of wire through the sponge, and fastened it across the hoop by bending the ends over, and tightening them with the pincers. Then he proceeded to fasten on the hoop to the bottom of the balloon, which he did by turning the edges of the paper over the wire, and pasting them so. After this was done, he cut out the cap, and pasted it on, and then, standing



upon the bench, he held out the balloon, bottom upward, by the cross-wire, saying :

“It is all done.”

“And now we can go and set it right up, can’t we?”

“No, it will take some time for it to dry thoroughly, and then it will be too late; so I think you had better wait till to-morrow, and, by that time, you can make grand preparations.”

Accordingly, Gustave hung the balloon, bottom upwards, from the ceiling. It was nearly as tall as a man, and at the bottom and top about as large and round as a barrel, while in the middle it swelled out to a larger size. Gustave said he had frequently made balloons in Germany, but that this was larger than any he had ever made before. As they went out, he very carefully locked the door.

At supper, Kenny told his father that the balloon was done, and all ready to go up, and gave him a very spirited description of the way in which it was made.

“Now, Kenny,” said Cousin Guy, “you can either tie a string to your balloon, and keep it to send up many times; or you can just let it sail away, and, perhaps, never see or hear of it again.”

“I want,” replied Kenny, “to see it sail as high



and as far as possible, even if I *do* never see or hear of it any more."

"You can do both," suggested his father; "you can first send it up a few times for a short distance, and then you can let it go where it pleases, or rather where the winds please."

"I will do that; and do you think when I let it go, I shall ever get it again, or see it again?"

"You, perhaps, may, by watching the direction in which it goes, find it when it comes down; but if you do, it will probably be spoilt. In fact, I think when you let it go, you had better give it up."

Here Cousin Guy suggested that it would be well to send up with the balloon, a note, addressed to the finder, giving information as to the owner.

"Do you think, then, that if any one found it, he would bring it back?"

"He might do so; but even if he did not, it would be pleasant for you to think that you had sent a letter to some unknown person. You might, perhaps, hear of it afterwards."

"That would be pleasant, Cousin Guy; won't you write something for me?"

Cousin Guy readily consented, and promised that something suitable should be ready in time.

The next morning was agreed upon for sending up the balloon. The day was calm and cloudless.



The family all assembled in a part of the lawn where there were few trees, and those quite small ones. Gustave came bringing the balloon very carefully, and Kenny followed him, with a bottle and a ball of twine in his hands.

"Now, Cousin Guy," said he, "have you got the letter ready?"

Cousin Guy made no reply, but produced a paper, and read from it:

"HIGHFLIER—made by GUSTAVE BURGER, *Baltimore*, September 7th, 185—, A. D.

"Highflier, speed over land and sea,
And when you have done, come back to me.

"KENNY ELLIS.

"'Sic transit gloria mundi.'"

Kenny listened with the greatest interest, and when Cousin Guy stopped, said:

"That will do first-rate—that is poetry, isn't it?"

"Not exactly, it is rhyme, which is just as good."

"But, Cousin Guy, who named it 'Highflier?'"

"Gustave and I named it this morning; I found you had not given it any name, and I thought it ought to have one; but if you do not



like 'Highflier' we can change it now. You have the right to give your balloon any name you choose."

"Oh I like it very much, and thank you for giving it that name."

Mr. Ellis also said that he thought it a very suitable one, and Mrs. Ellis said she thought it suitable too, if only the balloon really flew high, as she believed it would.

"But, Cousin Guy," suggested Kenny, "oughtn't the balloon to have the name on it?"

Gustave said the tissue paper was too thin to write on; but Cousin Guy said he would write it on a piece of white paper which could be pasted on. Accordingly, he wrote in large handsome letters, the name "Highflier" on a piece of white paper, and Gustave pasted it on a part of the balloon which was made of white paper. It looked very well indeed.

"Now," said Kenny, "where will you put this letter, and how will you fasten it on?"

Gustave said he would fasten it to the wire, since that would remain, even if all the rest should be destroyed. Accordingly he carefully folded the letter, and boring two holes through it, and running a piece of twine through these holes, tied it firmly to the cross wire.

"And now," said he, "we are nearly ready to

let 'Highflier,' fly. I will just tie this twine so that we can call 'Highflier' back."

So he cut off a piece of string, and tied it to the two ends of the cross wire. The string was so long as to hang considerably below the wire. To the middle of this string, he tied one end of the roll of twine. Gustave said it was very strong, and would hold the balloon. He now asked Cousin Guy and Mr. Ellis to catch hold of the upper part of the balloon and hold it up. When they did so, he poured spirits of wine out of the bottle on the sponge. Then drawing a box of matches from his pocket, he lighted one and touched it to the sponge. Immediately the spirits of wine, which filled all the pores, took fire, and the sponge was surrounded by a beautiful blue flame. Presently Kenny exclaimed:

"O! it is filling."

Sure enough the balloon began to expand. Gustave said that Mr. Ellis and Mr. Meridett need not hold it any longer, as the gas would keep it upright: and when they let go, he took hold of the string. In a moment more, the balloon was all full, and plump, and as it moved back and forth, seemed to be pulling at the string, very anxious to be gone. At last Gustave said it was time to let the balloon go. So, unrolling the string, he let it go, keeping hold of the ball. Away



went the balloon, almost straight up. It cleared the small trees, and was soon above the tops of the highest ones. No one spoke, but all, with upturned eyes and breathless attention, watched its course. It grew smaller and smaller, but could still be very plainly seen. At length the string was all pulled out, and Gustave held it by the end. While he did so he took out of his pocket a little piece of paper, cut in the shape of a star, and with a hole in it. He put this on the string, and gave it a push, and a blow with his breath, and immediately it began to run up the string towards the balloon.

"Why, Gustave, what is that?" inquired Mrs. Ellis. "It is called a messenger. Boys generally send them up on their kite strings. I have frequently done it myself."

"Did you ever send one up on a *balloon* string?" inquired Kenny.

"No, I never held a balloon by a string before; I always let it go, as you will do presently."

Pretty soon Gustave began to draw the string, and slowly pull the balloon down. Kenny asked why he did that.

"Because," said he, "if I wait until all the gas is exhausted, the balloon will fall, and may get injured; but now I can bring it slowly down to me."



"Is the gas nearly gone?"

"Yes, I did not pour on much spirits of wine, as we only wanted a short excursion; when we let it go, I shall fill the sponge with it."

All this time he was drawing the balloon gently but steadily towards him. At last it was in reach of him, and he fastened the string to a large stone, and extinguished the flame on the sponge.

"The first voyage was very successful," said Cousin Guy."

"Why do you call it a *voyage*?" said Kenny; "I thought a voyage was made in the ocean."

"Well, this was made in the air, which is, in some respects, like the ocean. The air is often called so. Balloon sailing might very well be called 'Aerial Navigation' or 'Air Navigation.'"

"Well," said Gustave, "will you have the last voyage now or wait?"

"Now," said Kenny.

"And shall we let it go this time?"

"Yes, let it go."

So Gustave poured spirits of wine on the sponge until it would hold no more, but dripped off to the ground. He then lighted it as before, and the balloon, which had just begun to shrink, expanded to its full size, and swung back and forth, as if impatient to be gone. Kenny and all seemed to feel much more enthusiasm than before, knowing



that this was no trial trip, but that the balloon was now going away off, and probably to return no more.

"Now, Kenny," said Gustave, "Highflier is all ready to be off; as soon as you give the word, I will cut the string;" and as he spoke, he drew from his pocket a pair of scissors, and held them open right by the string. Kenny straightened himself up, and shouted:

"Let Highflier go."

In a moment, Gustave had clipped the string, and away went the balloon, soaring swift and graceful as a lark towards the cloudless sky. All gazed at it with earnest attention, and Cousin Guy, taking off his hat, cried:

"Three cheers for Highflier!"

Suiting the action to the word, he waved his hat three times, and with each wave shouted, at the top of his voice:

"Huzza for Highflier!"

Kenny did not know exactly what was meant by "three cheers," but he fully sympathized with Cousin Guy's enthusiasm, and accordingly he waved and shouted with all his might. Up to this moment the balloon had gone up, as before, in a nearly perpendicular direction. Now, a gentle breeze sprung up, and wafted it a little to one side.

“I am glad,” said Mr. Ellis, “that it is going in that direction.”

“Why?” inquired Kenny.

“Because that is away from the city and from the water, and it is, consequently, more likely to descend in safety.”

While he spoke, Gustave, who had continued to watch the balloon, now started off in the direction in which it was going, saying, as he did so :

“I’ll follow it; I’ll bring it back to you if I can.”

It was now getting to be quite small, and Kenny said, rather mournfully :

“I cannot see it much longer,” when his father said :

“O! Kenny, I will get my spy-glass,” and ran after it.

He brought it, and, fixing the glass, looked through it at the balloon, and then gave it to Kenny, helping him to get it into the right position. As soon as he had done so, and Kenny got a sight of the balloon, he exclaimed :

“O, how near it seems! I can see the fire; it is burning yet! and the balloon, O, how bright and pretty!”

The rest looked also, and admired it much. Then Mrs. Ellis said she must go in and take Frank. Cousin Guy, too, followed, saying :



"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

Kenny said it was not lost to sight, and that he and his father would stay as long as they could see the balloon. They looked at it for a long time; but at last, when they had waited for some time, and looking, could not find it any more, they walked into the study. Mr. Ellis then explained to Kenny how it went up. He told him that when the spirits of wine burned, a light gas was made, which drove out all the air, and that this, making the balloon lighter than air, it rose, just as a cork, or any light substance, rose in water. He also told Kenny the promised story about a balloon, and then asked him to go and play, as he had some important letters to write. Kenny went to the nursery, and spent a very pleasant morning, talking with his mother, and helping her to take care of Frank.

A little while before dinner, he said that he had not seen Cousin Guy since the balloon went up, and that he would go and make him a visit. His mother said he might go and tap at the door, but that if Cousin Guy was busy, he must come right away. Kenny proceeded to his room, and knocked lightly at the door. Cousin Guy knew pretty well from the step and the knock who it was, so he called out :

"Who is there?"

“Kenny.”

“Come in, Kenny.”

“Are you very busy, Cousin Guy?”

“No, Kenny ; I *have* been very busy, but *now* I am tired of work, and am very glad to see you.”

“Work ! have you been working ? I don’t see any tools.”

“I have been studying : that is sometimes the hardest kind of work. These books, this pen and ink, and paper are my tools.”

“Ah ! I understand. Well, what will you do for me ?”

“Any thing I can. What shall I do ?”

“I would like to ask you for that story you promised me about an Arabian horse—if it would not be teasing you.”

“Oh, yes, I will tell you that now. Certainly, it is not teasing to ask me for the story, when I ask you what you will have.”

Cousin Guy then proceeded as follows :

“Perhaps you know that the Arabs have the finest, and fastest, and most intelligent horses in the world.”

Kenny nodded assent.

“Well,” continued Cousin Guy, “the Arabs lead a very roving life ; they are always going from one place to another ; so, of course, they value their fine horses very much. They feel attached

to them almost as a man does to a friend—feed them out of their own hands, have them in the same tent with themselves, and never sell them, except for very large sums; and then only when they are in great need of money. There was once an Arab, who was the owner of a beautiful mare. She was very fleet and spirited, and yet so gentle to her master, that she would stop, in the quickest gallop, at a word from him, and, when grazing, would come at his call, and arch her graceful neck, and lick his hand like a dog. You may well suppose that he prized her very much. But he was very poor. He used frequently to ride in sight of an English encampment, and one of the officers became very anxious to become the possessor of so valuable an animal. Accordingly, he offered a large sum for her, supposing that he would certainly succeed in securing her. But the Arab declared that he would not sell his darling mare. Thus, day after day, the officer would try to tempt him with the offer and the sight of gold; but he would refuse to part with his mare, and, at the end of each interview, he would gallop away. At last, however, he became very poor, he, and his wife, and children were suffering for necessary food—he was not able to give his favorite mare even the scanty supplies that she needed. So he reluctantly determined that he must accept the

proposition of the English officer. He rode, with a heavy heart, to the camp, and informed the officer that he had brought the mare. While the gold was being counted out, he stood stroking her face, and talking to her as to a person; while she, on her part, put her nose affectionately into his bosom and whinnied, as if she understood it all. Finally, the money was counted, and put into a bag, and the officer was just about to take the bridle, when the Arab said he must mount his mare once more. He did so, and rode a short distance, then, turning, he declared that, being very poor, he had determined to sell his mare, in order to get bread; but now he found that he could not part with her, and, having said these words, he made her a signal, and she sprung off, and, in a moment, had borne him out of sight."

Here Cousin Guy paused. Kenny, who had listened with deep interest, said:

"Is that the end, Cousin?"

"Yes, that is all."

"What a beautiful story! but, Cousin Guy, I would like so much to know what became of the man and his mare. Do you know?"

"I never heard that; but I feel sure that they got on some how; he must have been a noble fellow not to sell his beloved mare, notwithstanding he was so poor."

"Yes, indeed; I hope he got some money to feed himself and her."

Here the dinner bell rang, and as they came down, they met Gustave at the door.

"Ho," said Kenny, "there's Gustave."

Gustave came forward, looking very tired, and, in reply to their inquiries, said that he had run and walked very fast for some distance, keeping the balloon in sight; but at last he could see it no longer; that then he still kept on, in what he supposed was the direction, hoping to see it as it came down, but that, after going and waiting for some time, he came back.

"So that's the end of Highflier," said Kenny.

"Yes, most likely," replied Cousin Guy. "You had better trouble yourself no more about 'Highflier,' but amuse yourself with other things. Still you may find it again."

All this was on Friday. On Sabbath Kenny went to meeting, and as usual indulged in a nap, laying his head on his father's knee. He, however, waked up before the sermon was done, and in time to hear something which very much interested him. His eyes brightened, and he almost laughed as he heard his cousin describe a balloon becoming full of light air, and pulling at the string, as if it longed to sail up to the sky. After they reached home, as Cousin Guy was lying on

the lounge in the study, Kenny came up and said :

"Cousin, you preached an elegant sermon to-day."

"Ah, then you didn't go to sleep? I thought you did."

"Yes, I went to sleep; but you see I did not sleep all the time. I waked in time to hear what you said about the balloon. I listened to that. I understood that. I liked it very much."

"Well, what did I say, besides about the balloon?" Did I just describe how a balloon does? That would be very funny preaching."

Kenny stood still and said nothing.

"Why, Kenny," said Mr. Ellis, "you did understand what Mr. Meridett said. You told me as we came home. What was it?"

"He said 'when a man got filled with goodness, he was like the balloon—he didn't want to stay on earth, but longed to go up to heaven.'"

Cousin Guy seemed pleased, and said Kenny had gotten the idea very well.

The next morning Mr. Ellis went down town in the carriage. As he returned, Kenny met him and opened the gate. Mr. Ellis seemed highly pleased, and said to Kenny :

"I've got something for you."

"For me? O, I'm so glad. What is it?"



Mr. Ellis did not reply, but handed him a newspaper. Kenny seemed disappointed, and said :

“Why, father! this is nothing but the morning’s paper; and you know I can’t read. Ain’t you just teasing me?”

“No, indeed I am not. There is something in this paper that will interest you very much; you take it, and ask Cousin Guy to find it for you.”

So Kenny took the paper, and carried it to Cousin Guy, telling him what his father had said. Cousin Guy laid down his book, and commenced looking over the paper very carefully. Kenny stood by, his countenance indicating curiosity and impatience. Presently Cousin Guy said :

“O here it is!” and read as follows :

“We clip the following from the ‘*Gazette*’ of Saturday. ‘On yesterday our village was a little startled by an unusual visitor, in the shape of a paper balloon of the largest size. Its gaudy colors were peculiarly attractive to the boys, as it gracefully alighted in the streets unhurt by its aerial voyage. It bore in glowing colors the somewhat ambitious name of ‘Highflier,’ also ‘Gustave Berger,’ the name of its architect, besides the following lines:

‘Highflier, speed over land and sea,
And when you are done come back to me.

KENNY ELLIS.’



When the curiosity of passers-by had been satisfied, the boys took possession of the balloon, and will doubtless launch it for another voyage, if the owner does not come forward and prove property. If it shall start, it is doubtful whether it will return to Kenny. But if he shall see this notice, and come to ——ville, he may have the pleasure of seeing his lost balloon once more.”

When Cousin Guy finished reading this, Kenny was almost crazy with surprise and pleasure. He flew to tell Gustave that the balloon had been found, and could be gotten again. Gustave said he knew the way to ——ville—that it was only ten miles—that he would start immediately and walk, or else ride on Dave, and bring the balloon back. So Kenny went in to ask his father if Gustave might go. Mr. Ellis said, that in the afternoon he would take the carriage, and they would all go. Mrs. Ellis seemed highly pleased at the idea, and told Mary to have dinner soon, that they might have a long afternoon for the ride.

By the time dinner was over, Dave was harnessed and the carriage waiting at the door. Mr. Ellis had two carriages; one could be shut up quite close and was heavy. This was used in winter, and for short drives in town. The other was open and light, and was always used for a long country ride. This was the one used on the pres-

ent occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis occupied the back seat, and Gustave and Cousin Guy, with Ken-ny between them, the front seat. Mr. Ellis wanted to take Gustave, because he was so much interested in the balloon, and, besides, he could perhaps assist very much in getting it and bringing it home. There was plenty of room for three on the front seat. The drive was a delightful one. The road was winding, and mostly through shady woods. Mr. Ellis told Cousin Guy that he knew no city which had such pleasant roads round it as Baltimore. Cousin Guy said that this road was as winding as any mountain road, and as romantic as if it were far away from, instead of so near to, a large city. They stopped at a beautiful spring right on the road side, and Cousin Guy borrowed from a house near by a tin dipper, and they all drank, and found the water very cool and refreshing. Not far from the spring were some women washing. They had a fire right on the ground, and a large pot boiling, which hung from a stick extended from one tree to another. Mrs. Ellis said that washing out of doors was very funny, and that she had never seen any thing of the kind. But Cousin Guy said it was not uncommon in Virginia, where he used to live. He said that it was very convenient to wash near the water ; and that in the summer it was much pleasanter out of doors than

in the house, and Mr. Ellis added that it was very convenient to hang the cloths right on the bushes. While Cousin Guy was carrying back the dipper to the house, Kenny amused himself picking berries, and he brought quite a handful to his mother. He would have liked to stay and gather more, but Mr. Ellis said there was not time, and Kenny himself was very willing to hasten on and secure his balloon. Mr. Ellis said he thought that some day they would come there and spend the day, and have a sort of pic-nic.

When they reached the village, Mr. Ellis said they would drive to the office of the paper which had contained the notice of the balloon, and learn where it might be found. It was not difficult to find the office, as the village contained but one business street, and, going along this, they presently saw a printing-office, with a dingy sign over the door, "The ——ville Gazette." Mr. Ellis went in with Kenny, and asked a man there if he could tell him where the balloon was. The man asked if that little boy was "Kenny," and directed them to a house near by. Driving over, they saw a boy in the porch whittling a stick, and, without getting out, Mr. Ellis asked him to come to the carriage. When he did so, and Mr. Ellis asked him about the balloon, he seemed quite pleased, and said it was in the barn, and he would go and get it. Gus-

tave and Kenny said they would go with him. As they walked to the barn, Kenny asked him, why he had not sent the balloon up. He said that he had not known exactly how to do it; and, besides, his father had thought he should keep it to see whether the owner would come for it. The boy seemed very sociable, and invited Gustave and Kenny to come to see him. Kenny told him that they would be glad to do so, if his father would let them. They found the balloon in good order, and Gustave put it into a small compass, and wrapped it up with newspapers. When they came to the carriage, Mr. Ellis asked the boy some questions, and then offered to pay him for his trouble in getting and taking care of the balloon; but he said he had not had any trouble, that he did not want any money, and he was very glad that Kenny had gotten his balloon again. They all thanked him for his kindness, and thought him very polite, indeed. Gustave very ingeniously tied the balloon to the top of the carriage inside, and it was thus safely carried home.

A few days after, the balloon was set off again, and made as before a very beautiful ascent; but while it was still in sight, it caught fire and burned up. It looked very pretty, but Kenny said he was sorry to lose his balloon. Gustave found the wire, which fell to the ground. He said that the sponge slipped to one side of the balloon, which was the cause of its taking fire.



CHAPTER III.

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

ONE afternoon Kenny came up to Cousin Guy's room, and told him that two little girls were waiting at the door to see him. He went down immediately, and found that they were two orphan children whom he knew very well. They seemed quite timid, and said they could not come in, though they appeared to like Mr. Meridett very much. They said that the managers of the Orphan Asylum had sent them to ask him to come the next day and preach to the children. He said he would do so with pleasure, and then asked them if they would not stay, and walk with him in the garden. This they very gladly agreed to do, and Mr. Meridett talked with them, so as to make them feel quite at ease. He also pleased them very much by giving them flowers, giving first one, and then the other, a flower. Presently, each of them had quite a bouquet collected, and he said they must be tied. Accordingly, he went to a shrub, made up

of long leaves, and cutting one of them off, slit it up into strips. They were tough and strong, and made very good strings. Kenny and the girls were amused and delighted at this new way of tying up a nosegay. Kenny inquired the name of this plant. Cousin Guy said that he did not know, and Kenny said that he would call it the string-plant. Mr. Meridett also gave the girls some very nice pears from a tree which was quite full. They were small, but juicy, and of a delicious flavor. When they had all walked around the garden, and gotten back to the front door, the little girls said they must go. Cousin Guy asked them to wait one moment, and he went up stairs and brought down two cards, each containing a picture and some verses, and gave one to each of the girls. They said they would learn the verses to say to Mr. Meridett. Then they said:

"Be sure to come to-morrow, Mr. Meridett," and left, Mr. Meridett and Kenny accompanying them to the gate. As Cousin Guy and Kenny returned to the house, Kenny said:

"Cousin Guy, you were very kind to those girls. I think you were kinder to them than you were to me. In fact, you hardly talked to me at all."

"Well, they were company; you are home-folks. It is always proper to be more attentive to company than to home-folks. I can talk to you



any time you know. Besides, Kenny, those little girls have not a kind father and mother and a pleasant home like yours, and I love to treat them kindly and make them happy."

"O yes, and you *do* treat me kindly too, don't you?"

The next afternoon Cousin Guy went to preach at the Asylum. As he was going, Kenny said :

"Cousin Guy, please let me go with you."

"Oh yes," he replied, "you may go, if your mother is willing."

"I should like to have him go," said Mrs. Ellis to Cousin Guy. Then turning to Kenny, she said : "Come with me up stairs, and let me pin you on a clean collar and brush your hair."

"I will go with you, Cousin Guy," said Kenny, "if you will promise not to let me sit with the other children, but to sit by you, while you are preaching."

"I cannot make any condition," said Cousin Guy. "I will promise to take care of you, but you must leave all the rest to me."

"Well," said Kenny, "I believe I will go, any how."

The Orphan Asylum was a large brick building, with a great many windows. Kenny began to count them, but had not finished when they began to go up the steps. At the top of the steps was a



box for money, and a little hole at the top. There were some words painted on the box, and Cousin Guy said the words were "*Remember the Orphan.*" He explained to Kenny that this box was for visitors to the Asylum to put money in for the Orphans, and told Kenny that when he came there the first time he put in half a dollar. Kenny said he meant to ask his father to give him some money to put in the next time he came. Cousin Guy had rung a bell, and a little girl came to the door. She looked very smiling, and seemed glad to see them, and showed them into the parlor. Kenny amused himself looking at a tall clock in one corner of the room. It stood on the floor, and reached nearly to the top of the room. Kenny said he never had seen a clock like that before. He was also very much interested in listening to the children in an adjoining room. Cousin Guy told him they were getting ready for meeting. Presently they heard the children marching through the passage.

"Now," said Cousin Guy, "they are going into the chapel."

"What is the chapel?"

"The room where they have meeting."

Kenny looked, and saw the children passing by. As they did so, many of them looked at him and smiled. Presently all was still, and a lady came



in and spoke to Mr. Meridett and Kenny, and told Mr. Meridett that the children were waiting for him. So she led the way into the chapel. This was a large room, with a platform and table at one end for the preacher, and filled with seats. Some of the benches were quite low, so that the little children sitting on them might put their feet on the floor. When Mr. Meridett and Kenny entered the room, all the children rose on their feet and stood, till Mr. Meridett got to the desk. Many of them bowed, and he bowed several times. He took a chair, and placed it just one side of the desk, and told Kenny to sit down. Kenny was thus neither with the other children, nor was he exactly with Mr Meridett, but he readily took the seat given to him.

Mr. Meridett commenced by saying:

“When I was last here, you sang me a very pretty song, beginning,

‘I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand.’

Will you please sing that now?”

After that he said:

“Now, we are about to pray. I shall be very short; and I want you all not only to kneel down, and shut your eyes and keep still, but to think of what is said, and try and feel it too.”



The children were indeed very quiet during the prayer. Then there was another song. Then Cousin Guy said :

"Now, before I preach you another sermon, I want to see what is remembered, of the one I preached before. All who can tell me where the text is, hold up their hands." Nearly all the hands in the room went up.

"Where is it?—all together."

"First chapter of Genesis, first verse."

"Right. Now, who can repeat the text? Let all who can raise their hands. Sarah, you may repeat it."

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

"Right. John, does that mean in the beginning of *God's* life?"

"No; for God had no beginning."

"Very well. Susan, what is meant by *create*?"

"To make out of nothing."

"Very well. Suppose men build a house, do they *create* it?"

"No, sir, because they make it out of *something*."

"Can man create *any thing*?"

"No, sir."

"Who can?"

"God."



"Very well. Charley, what is meant here by the heavens? Does it mean the place where God, and angels, and good people dwell?"

"No; it means the sky, and sun, and moon, and stars."

"What is meant by the earth?"

"This world in which we live."

"Chapman, can you tell me any thing about the sun, and moon, and stars?"

"They are very large, though they look small."

"What makes them *look* small, if they are large?"

"They are so far off. A man on a steeple looks small. A large balloon gets small after it has gotten up high, and at last it gets to be a mere speck."

Kenny's eyes sparkled at this reference to the balloon. He looked as if he wanted to say he understood that.

"Ben, can you tell me any thing about the earth?"

"It is very large, and has on top of it mountains and valleys, seas, rivers, trees, flowers, vegetables, and all sorts of animals; and inside of it coal, and gold, and iron, and all sorts of metals."

"Very well. Now, Kate, what sort of a being must this God be?"

"Powerful and good."



"Yes; and how should we feel and do towards him?"

"We should be afraid to displease him. We should love him, and mind him."

"You have all answered very well. I do not think any congregation of grown people could have remembered a sermon better. And now I will preach you another. My text is in the Song of Solomon, 2d chapter, and 15th verse: 'TAKE US THE FOXES, THE LITTLE FOXES, THAT SPOIL THE YOUNG AND TENDER GRAPES.'"

"Please to repeat it."

When this was done, Mr. Meridett proceeded to preach them the following

SERMON.

"There was once a man who had a beautiful garden, containing various kinds of vegetables and flowers. One morning he came to it, and found that the fence had been broken down, and that some cows and horses had gotten in, and had eaten and trodden down many of the plants. The man was very sorry. He mended the fence with great care, making it stronger than it was before, and then said to himself, 'Well, my garden is safe now; I do not think those mischievous cows and horses can get in again.' Shortly after that, one cool April morning, very early, he went to look at his



garden. What do you suppose he found? Why he found that something had been in his garden, eating the young buds off his currant bushes, and the green grapes off his vines. He was very much surprised. The gate was locked, the fence had not been broken, and there were no tracks to be seen any where. But he looked about carefully, and pretty soon he says, 'Ah, I see, it is those little foxes; I must stop them, as well as the horses and cows, or I shall not have any fruit.' So he went to work to catch those little foxes. Don't you think he did exactly right?

"Well, now, dear children, I want to set you all to catching foxes. I do not mean, sure enough, foxes with hair, and tails, and teeth. I mean, however, things that trouble you just as the foxes troubled that man, and which, therefore, we may call foxes. I mean *little sins*.

"You know that man thought when he had shut out the cows and horses from his garden, that he had nothing to fear. But he soon found that little foxes could get in, and do him great harm. Now, just so a boy will say to himself, 'I don't steal, or tell lies, or curse, and I will get on very well.' But pretty soon he has yielded to some little sinful habit, and he finds that it has done him real harm. That sinful habit is to him what the foxes were to the garden. Now, would it not be well for him



to do as the gardener did—set to work to destroy what is so mischievous?

“In the *first* place, I will tell you of some little foxes that eat the young grapes—by which I mean the little sins that injure your happiness, and goodness, and usefulness.

The *first* fox that I want you to catch is *exaggeration*. Now, I suppose none of you would tell a downright lie, and yet I am afraid that the best of you do sometimes tell lies. I will show you how. A few weeks ago, one of these little girls came in from a walk one cold morning, and said, ‘O me! my fingers are frozen.’ Now, was that true? I think not. Let me tell you something I saw yesterday. I went to see a poor man, and found him sitting in the corner with one of his hands tied up. I said, ‘Why, what is the matter with your hand?’ ‘Oh, sir, frosted it is.’ ‘I am very sorry. How did you do it?’ ‘Well, you see, I took a drap too much, and got to sleep out of doors, and it was very cold, and so I lost my fingers.’

“‘Lost your fingers!’

“‘Yes, sir; three of my fingers, and here they are,’ and as he said this he held up a bottle with his three fingers, which had come off, and which he was keeping in some brandy. Now, wasn’t that dreadful? You see, then, what it is to have fingers frozen, and how foolish it is for a little girl

whose fingers are only a little cold, and will soon be comfortable, to say 'my fingers are frozen.'

"Not long ago, I heard a little boy say, as he came in from an errand, 'I am so tired, I am almost dead.' Do you think that was true? I once saw a little boy almost dead. He laid upon the bed scarcely able to breathe, so weak that he could not sit up, so pale that it was painful to see him, while his eyes were dim, and cold sweat was on his forehead. But the boy who said he was almost dead looked very bright and well, and in a few minutes was eating a slice of bread and butter, and playing merrily in the yard. Didn't that boy tell a story when he said, 'I am almost dead?'"

"I once heard a little girl say, 'Molly, you are so slow, you will be at that work forever.' Molly was done in five minutes, while forever is more than hundreds and thousands, and millions of years.

"You see, now, what I mean by *exaggeration*. Remember that is a fox for you to catch.

"Another fox is *profanity*. I do not mean cursing and swearing, for I do not suppose that any of you ever are profane in this way. O no; I hope that you feel so that, if you were walking along, and should hear a boy curse, you would almost shudder, and want to run off as fast as possible. And yet I am afraid that even some of



you girls are often profane in another way. I will tell you how. You do not exactly curse, but sometimes when you fall down you say, 'O Lordy!' Is not that taking the name of the Lord in vain? Sometimes you are very much surprised at something, and you say, 'My goodness!' 'Good gracious!' Perhaps some of the boys say, any time, 'By George!' 'By jingo!' which, if not regular swearing, is certainly first cousin to it. Now all this is profanity. Please to remember that *profanity* is one of the foxes for you to catch.

"Another fox is *carelessness*. I once saw some mischievous boys throw stones at a window till every pane of glass was broken: of course none of you would do that. I once heard of boys tying the grass in the path, so that a gentleman in passing by was tripped up and sprained his ankle: I am sure none of you would do such a mean trick. And yet, by carelessness, you may often do things which are just as bad in their *effects* as these. Perhaps, Johnny there, from carelessness, threw his ball so as to break a pane of glass. The money that was used to mend that glass would have bought a poor widow a loaf of bread. Perhaps Kate threw an orange upon the steps, which not only looked untidy, but might have caused some person to slip and fall very badly. Susan, when

ironing the clothes, burnt a hole in one of the pieces, by using the iron too hot. Some people never put any thing in its place, and never know where to look for any thing. They are always untidy, their shoes untied, their clothes half fastened, their hair rough. All this is from carelessness. I think you will agree that carelessness, though not as bad as stealing and lying, is, nevertheless, wrong. Carelessness, then, is another little fox to be caught and killed.

I could mention many more. There is a *quick* or *peevish temper*, which is a right big fox. There is the habit of *loitering*, when sent on errands, or having work to do. There is *idleness*. There is the habit of *excusing yourself*, when you have done wrong. But I will not tell you about these, nor mention any more; I want you to look out for them yourselves.

“Now, in the *second* place, I am going to tell you *why* you should catch these little foxes.

“The *first* reason is, that little sins are just as truly sins as great ones. Here is a pitcher of water. It is not as much water as a tubful. But it is as truly water as a tubful, or an ocean. It is the same kind of thing. Now it is just so about sin. Little or much, sin is always the same kind of thing. It is always bad and dreadful.

The *second* reason is, that God hates little sins.



God commands us to be perfectly good, and we cannot be so, while we have any sins, or bad habits, no matter how small they are. .

“The *third* reason is, that little sins do a great deal of harm to ourselves and other people. You know the man thought his garden very safe when he had shut out the big cows and horses, but he found afterwards that little foxes could do much injury. Just so about little faults. You have already seen how some of them can do harm to yourselves and other people.

“The *fourth* and last reason is, that little sins will at last grow to be big ones, and will lead on to other sins. It would be pretty easy to catch little, young foxes, but it would not be so easy after they got strong and cunning. Just so about little sins. Now they are young and weak, and you can overcome them ; but, after a while, they will become old and strong, and will overcome you.

“If the man did not stop the foxes, they would make holes in the fence, bigger and bigger, so that at first, pigs, and, at last, cows and horses could enter, and the man would have no garden. Just so little sins make way for large ones. The boy who begins by saying ‘By jingo!’ will at last say ‘By God!’ The little girl who begins by telling a story in play, or in thoughtlessness, will end by telling one deliberately and in earnest. The boy

who is careless about breaking a window, may come at last to be regularly dishonest and break into a house. Indeed we must be careful of little beginnings. There was a little boy once who was playing on his father's mill-dam. A dam, you know, is a bank of earth, or stone, which keeps the water from flowing on, so that a pond of water is formed. Well, he thought it would be fine fun to cut a little ditch across the dam, and see water run over the dam. He did so, and when he was tired went home, and ate his supper, and went to bed. That night, his father heard a great noise, and went out, and found that the water of his pond had carried the dam away, and was rushing furiously through the hole it had made. All this was the result of the ditch which the boy had dug. Indeed we must be careful of little, bad beginnings.

"Now, in the *last* place, I will tell you *how* to catch the little foxes; that is, how to overcome these little bad habits.

"First, you must *determine* to do it. Suppose that gardener had said: 'O me! these little foxes are very troublesome. How I wish there were no foxes! I wish somebody would catch them.' Suppose he had said that, and no more. You see very clearly that would have done no good. The foxes would have kept coming until they had destroyed every thing in the garden. But he was



not so foolish. He said : 'I will go to work and catch them.' It will not do for you merely to regret your sins, and say, 'O, I wish I had not so many sins ; I hope I will grow better.' You must say : 'I will try to overcome my sins.' That is the way to talk.

"But secondly, you must not only say this, but do it. You must not only determine, but act. I think I can see that gardener, as he goes back to his house. He is busy thinking what to do. He contrives and makes traps, and sets them in all the good places he can find. He tells all the people on the premises to watch for the foxes. Now, I am quite sure that, doing all this, he will every day catch a fox, until at last, there will be no more left to trouble him. Just so you must do. Having determined to get rid of your faults, you must go to work. You must look out for them ; you must get some friends to help you. Above all, you must get God to help you. This is to be done by prayer to him.

"Now, my sermon is done. Have you been interested ? All who have been interested will hold up their hands. Ah ! I see all hands up. I am very glad you like my sermon. Now, when I come again, I will see how much you remember of it. But I want you to practise it. If you hear a sermon, and do not try to practise it, you would be

like a man sick, who should get some medicine from the store, but, instead of swallowing it, should either let it stay on the mantel, or throw it out of the window. You can see that that medicine would do him no good. Just so, my sermon will do you no good, unless you use it in your daily life. Now, will you all try to do this? Will you all try to catch the foxes, that I have told you about? All that will try hold up their hands. Ah! I am glad to see so many hands go up. Now we will pray to God to help us."

As soon as the meeting was dismissed, the children crowded around Mr. Meridett, each eager to shake hands with him, and have him speak to them. Some of them kept hold of his hand, so that half a dozen would be clinging to him at once. The larger girls would bring the little children, and hold them up to speak to him. The scene was not unlike the swarming of a hive of bees. Mr. Meridett received all the children very kindly, giving to each a smile, and a kind word. Many of them also gathered around Kenny, and seemed much interested in talking to him, examining his scarlet coat and brass buttons. He, on the other hand, was much pleased with the uniform worn by the girls, consisting of blue dresses, with white capes and aprons.



Presently Mr. Meridett said :

“Did you all think all the stories I told were about Kenny? I saw you look at him whenever I said any thing about a little boy.”

“*I* thought you meant me,” said Kenny.

“Well, I did, sometimes, but not always. I hope, however, that you, as well as the rest, will try to profit by them.”

The matron now asked Mr. Meridett if he wished to go over the house. He thanked her, and said that he had already been over, but he would be glad to do so again if Kenny wanted to go. Kenny said he would like to very much. So, bowing to the children, Mr. Meridett and Kenny followed the matron out of the room. First, they went up stairs into a bed-chamber. It was very large, occupying one entire side of the house, and containing sixty beds. The bedsteads were of iron, and the counterpanes of blue check calico. This room, the matron said, was the boys' room. Then they went into another exactly like it, which, she said, was the girls' chamber. In this there were several very small beds, and some pallets for the little children, boys as well as girls. The lady then showed them two large closets, in which all the clothes of the children were kept. There were shelves on all the walls, and reaching up to the ceiling, and these shelves were partitioned off, so as to make a

great many square boxes. Each child had one of these, and the name of its owner was written over each box. Mr. Meridett noticed how neatly the clothes had been folded and laid in these boxes. The lady told him that every Saturday afternoon the clean clothes were brought up from the ironing-room, and carefully put away into the boxes in which they belonged. She said she would now show them the rooms where the cooking, and washing, and ironing were done. These rooms were in the basement. When they got down, they saw several large girls busy at work. Kenny asked if those girls were the servants. The lady told him that there were no regular servants in the house; that all the work was done by the boys and girls themselves. Mr. Meridett inquired if they seemed willing to work. She replied that most of them seemed to like it.

"O, Cousin Guy!" said Kenny, "look at those great pots! What are they for?"

"That one nearest to you is for boiling the coffee," said the lady.

"Coffee in that big pot?"

"Yes, indeed; we make that full every morning for breakfast, and there is seldom any left."

"Cousin Guy, should you think that children *could* drink such a big pot-full of coffee as that?"

"There are so many of them that it takes a great deal," replied Mr. Meridett.

"Those other pots," continued the lady, "are for boiling meat, and water to wash with, and under all of them is the fire." Saying this, she opened the door of the range, and showed them a bright coal fire. "And here is the oven." As she said this, the girls began to take out the loaves of bread, and lay them on wooden trays. The loaves were so large and so numerous, that Kenny wondered as much about them as he did about the coffee; but the girls said they would all be gone after breakfast the next day. The bread looked so brown, and smelt so nice, that Kenny wanted a piece; but Cousin Guy told him that he must wait till he got home.

"Do the children have any good things?" said Kenny.

"Certainly," said the matron, "good bread, and coffee, and soup, and such things. Ain't they good?"

"Yes, but I mean cake and preserves."

"Not often."

"Do they ever?"

"Yes, sometimes, when some kind friend sends them. Last Christmas, Mr. Bennet sent a beautiful treat—cake, candy, and such things."

"We have cake," said Kenny, "almost every



Kenny in the Kitchen.

day, and father gets me candy whenever he goes down town."

"Well, Kenny, I believe we have seen all; let us go," said his Cousin Guy. "We thank you very much, Mrs. Hope, for your kindness in showing us over the house."

"Not at all, sir; we show all visitors over; we are specially glad, at any time, to see you."

As Mr. Meridett went out of the door, he saw a glass case containing a good many pretty and useful articles. The matron said they were made by the children, and were for sale, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum. He bought a mat for Mrs. Ellis. Kenny said there was nothing there that he wanted, though the things were very nice.

"Cousin Guy," said Kenny, "those children love you very much."

"Yes, I think they do, and I think I know why."

"Why?"

"First, because children are naturally affectionate, and inclined to love those around them, and those children, having no father, or mother, or near relations, are ready to love anybody who shows them any kindness. They are like little vines, made by God to cling to something, and which clasp their tendrils around any thing that comes near to them."

"What is the other reason?"

"Why, the children see that I love them, and so they love me. We are all very apt to love those that love us, and children, even little children, soon find out their friends."

"You are my friend, Cousin Guy."

"Yes, I think I am."

"I *know* you are one of my very best friends. Father has taught me to pray every morning and night for father, and mother, and brother Frank, and all my dear friends; and I always think of you when I get to that."

"You have many who love you, and are kind to you."

"Yes, indeed."

"Your father—"

"He tells me stories, and paints, and draws for me."

"Yes, and gets you all the good things you have. Then there is your mother."

"She sings to me, and makes my clothes."

"I."

"You talk to me, tell me all sorts of things that I like to know, and take me on expeditions with you."

"Frank."

"He don't do any thing for me."

"He's a dear little fellow."



"Yes, I love him, Cousin Guy ; but I don't like him much. You see he's no company for me. In fact, he often gets in my way, and troubles me very much."

"Then you have Gustave."

"He's a first-rate fellow. He makes me all sorts of curious things, and don't get mad with me."

"There's Catherine."

"I like her right well ; *right* well, not very. You see, Cousin Guy, she is kind to me sometimes ; but sometimes she is cross, and won't do things for me, and calls me names."

"What sort of names ?"

"Why, 'Mr. Mischievous' and 'Chatterbox,' and all that, and I don't like it."

"I expect you sometimes treat her badly, and call her names."

"Indeed I do, when she makes me mad."

"That is very wrong."

Kenny was silent.

"But, Kenny," continued his cousin, "there is one thing you ought to learn from what you have seen to-day."

"What is that ?"

"To be thankful for your home, and father, and mother, and kind friends. None of those children are so well off as you are."

"Oh, there is father !" exclaimed Kenny, and

he ran forward and caught hold of his hand. Mr. Ellis waited for Mr. Meridett to come up, and then all three walked on together.

"And did you understand the sermon, Kenny?" said his father.

"I reckon I did. I couldn't help it."

"What was it about?"

"About little foxes, sir," said Kenny, with a sly twinkle.

"About little foxes!"

"Yes, indeed it was. Wasn't it, Cousin Guy?"

"Well, tell me about it, Kenny."

"Not *now*, father."

After supper was over, and Kenny had gone to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Cousin Guy were gathered cosily in the library, around the centre-table, over which hung the drop-light. Mrs. Ellis was sewing; Mr. Ellis reading papers, holding them close to his eyes, and every now and then stopping to cut out something with a pair of scissors, which he kept on the table. The pieces he put in a little paper box.

"What will you do with those, Mr. Ellis?" inquired Cousin Guy, looking up from his portfolio, on which he was writing in his lap.

"Well, I formed the habit of cutting them out when I had the 'Spectator,' and now I do it for the sake of saving the pieces that I like. The

papers will be destroyed, you know. Perhaps I shall give these pieces to Mr. Blain; perhaps I shall put them into a scrap-book for Kenny."

"That would be a capital plan."

The '*Spectator*' was a paper of which Mr. Ellis had formerly been the editor, but which was now edited by Mr. Blain. The way editors make their selections generally is to cut pieces from magazines and other papers.

"Cousin Guy," said Mrs. Ellis, "I am very glad Kenny went with you. He was not only pleased, but, I hope, benefited."

"He certainly understood and remembered the sermon," said Mr. Ellis. "He told me nearly all of it. He told me," said Mr. Ellis, "that the children seemed very fond of you; but I believe that is no new thing; all the children like you, do they not?"

"I certainly try to make them do so, and it is not generally hard to win the hearts of the young. A kind word, a smile, if given from genuine affection, is always powerful to secure their love. It is, too, as important as it is easy to make children love you; for if they do this, you can have great influence with them, nor will they forget it in after years."

"I know," said Mrs. Ellis, "that I have never forgotten or ceased to love the dear old pastor, who



never came to our house that he did not stroke my head, and speak some kind word."

"How strange," said Mr. Ellis, "that so many good men, ministers even, are utterly forgetful of this means of exerting an influence."



CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER ACCOMPLISHMENT.

ONE day, Gustave called Kenny to the shop, and took out a little parcel, and handed it to him.

"What are these?" said Kenny, as he opened the parcel, and saw what looked like little round sticks.

"Crayons."

"What is a crayon?"

"A sort of pencil, for the express purpose of drawing. But you can almost as well paint with them, for they are soft, and make very broad marks, and they are of all kinds of colors."

"Why, yes, that is beautiful. Gustave, these crayons are a very nice present, and I am very much obliged to you. I'll go right home and try them now; but tell me, first, what are they made of."

"A peculiar kind of earth or stone, I believe."

Kenny took his new treasure in with him, and immediately began to put the crayons into use.

His father told him he had better first draw figures with his pencil, and then color them with the crayons.

"Suppose," said he, "you get some of the pictures you have already made, and paint them."

"Oh! yes, and will you show me how?"

"Certainly; but you will not need much showing."

Kenny brought his portfolio, and began to turn over his drawings. Presently he said:

"Father, here is my soldier; shall I paint him?"

"Yes, that will be a very good one to begin with. Now, you can tell just as well as I can what colors to use. Will you have the coat red or blue?"

"Which is best?"

"Blue is the American, red the British."

"I will take blue, then; besides, that will look better with brass buttons."

"Very well; then the buttons you will color yellow, of course."

"Yes, sir. Well, how am I to do the coloring?"

"Just take the crayon and use it like a pencil. When you want to color a large space, as the coat for instance, you must put the end of it down flat; but if you want to color a small space, such as a button, you must hold the crayon slanting, so as



to touch only a corner of it to the paper. "So," said Mr. Ellis, showing him; "do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"The epaulettes will be yellow."

"Yes, sir; and what color shall I make the hat and plume?"

"Make the hat black, and the plume red. Now, Kenny, you must go on without me. I must finish this writing before dinner. You paint away, and, when you are done, I will look at the picture."

"If I want to know any thing, may I ask you?"

"If it is something really important you may, not otherwise."

Mr. Ellis proceeded with his writing, and Kenny painted in silence. He was standing up with his paper on the centre-table. After awhile he seemed to come to a stop. He took up first one crayon, and then another, and seemed very much embarrassed. Finally, he came round by his father, and stood quietly with his elbows on the table, and his hands on his chin, looking very anxiously at him. Presently Mr. Ellis said, without looking up:

"Well, Kenny, what is it?"

"Something very important, or I would not interrupt you."

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Ellis, now laying down his pen, and looking kindly at Kenny.



"Why, I don't know how to color this bayonet, and so I cannot get on at all. I have done every thing else."

"What's the difficulty?"

"Why, you see, the bayonet ought to be a bright, shining color, and I have not got any crayons of that sort."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Ellis, smiling, "the difficulty is inherent to your materials."

"I don't know what you mean by that, sir; but I wish you would tell me what to do."

"I mean that I'm afraid you can't represent the bayonet very well with those crayons. I tell you what you'd better do; black the bayonet with one of your pencils; that will give it something of the shine of metal."

"Would that be better than a black crayon?"

"Yes, the pencil has more of the metallic lustre about it than the crayon. Don't you see that the pencil has a bright look, when held in the sun, and the crayon retains its dull look. The pencil is made partly of lead, which is a metal; while the crayon is made of clay or stone."

"Gustave told me what the crayon was made of. But, father, I thought that all the pencil, except the wood, was lead?"

"No, I think the black part, that you draw with, is a composition made of lead and other materials."

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“What other materials?”

“I do not know exactly; at any rate, I cannot stop any longer now. Finish your soldier.”

By the time Mr. Ellis had finished his writing, Kenny had done his painting. He showed the picture to his father, who said it was done very well. He took it up to Cousin Guy's room, and said:

“See what I have painted.”

“Painted! I did not know you had a paint brush.”

“I did it with crayons.”

“I thought they were for drawings.”

“Yes, but one can color with them, and I have been coloring a picture that I drew once before.”

“It looks very well,” said Cousin Guy.

“I like coloring with crayons better than drawing. It is so nice to see not only the forms of things, but their right colors.”

“Yes, indeed, it is very fine to have the colors; but I suppose it is better to draw and paint both. In fact, I suppose a painter has to do both. He must first draw the outline before he can color.”

Gustave's crayons thus gave Kenny a new and pleasant employment, and Kenny soon became so fond of coloring, and such an adept at it, that one day his father bought him a paint-box and brushes.

Kenny was delighted with this, and said that now he could do painting, sure enough.

"But it will require more care, Kenny," said his father."

"Please show me how I must do, sir."

"Well, have you any thing you want painted?"

Kenny brought a picture from his portfolio. It was one of the first pictures his father had drawn for him—a picture of a cottage, with a porch to it, a large tree, and under the tree a little girl feeding ducks and chickens. It was one of his favorite pictures.

"Now you know," said his father, "what color to take; I will simply show you *how* the painting is to be done; you will want two cups of water."

Kenny brought them.

"One of these," said Mr. Ellis, "is to dip your brush in to moisten it before you rub it on the paint; the other is to wash your brush in when you have done, or want to use a different color. You see, it would not do to put your brush into one color while it was full of another. Here are two brushes. The larger is for painting large things, the smaller for painting what is small and delicate."

Mr. Ellis proceeded to paint the picture which Kenny had brought; Kenny, meanwhile, looking



on with as much interest as when his father had drawn for him for the first time. Mr. Ellis painted the blinds of the house and the leaves of the tree green, the chickens of different colors, and the little girl with a blue hood on her head. When he had done, Kenny said that the picture was pretty before, but that it was ten times more so now.

"Kenny," said his father, "there is a better way to get the paint on the brush."

"What is it?"

"Go get me a broken piece of white china, or, if you cannot find that, bring a white saucer."

Kenny soon returned with a white saucer, which he said, his mother had given him to keep as long as he wanted. He said, he could not find a broken piece any where.

Mr. Ellis took a piece of paint from the box, dipped one end of it in water, and rubbed the moistened end on the saucer. It left a beautiful red. Then he did the same with each piece of paint. When he had done, the whole of the outside of the saucer was covered with different colors. It was really very pretty.

"Now," said Mr. Ellis, "all you have to do is to moisten the end of your brush, and touch it to the paint that you want on the saucer. You need not use the pieces of paint any more, until you



have used what is on the saucer, and then I will put some more on for you."

"I should think," said Kenny, "that you would have put the paint on the inside of the saucer."

"No, it is more convenient to have it on the outside. Now, Kenny, carry those cups to Catharine to be washed, and put the drawing materials away."

From this time, Kenny became quite an artist. In fact, an old gentleman who frequently came to his father's, gave him the name of "The Little Artist," and he was called by it afterwards. He used to get his father to draw pictures, in order that he might paint them, and he would, besides, draw them himself for this purpose. One day Cousin Guy gave him an old geography, full of pictures. This was a treasure to Kenny, and many an hour did he spend in coloring them, and, as he asked a great many questions, he learned not only how to draw and paint, but much that was interesting and valuable about the people, productions, and customs of different countries. Kenny was also in the habit of drawing and painting real things and real scenes.

One day Cousin Guy found Kenny in the garden, seeming to be looking for something.

"What do you want, Kenny?" said he.

"Some vegetable to paint."

—❧—
“Can you paint a vegetable?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, then, here is a turnip; that is about the only vegetable I can find now. You had better paint it, and then see if Gustave will know what it is without being told. That will be a good test as to whether the painting is true to life; though not as good as one I have heard.”

“What is that?”

“Why, a man painted an ear of corn, and it was so much like a real one that a cow who came along tried to eat it.”

“That was funny.”

“I have heard of another case similar. A painter made a cow for a sign, and another cow ‘mooed’ to it.”

“I don’t expect to make my painting as good as that, yet awhile, but I think I can paint this turnip so that Gustave will know it.”

“Well, that will be doing very well.”

Accordingly Kenny painted away, and, when he had done, carried the picture to Gustave. Gustave immediately said that it was a vegetable of some kind, and he thought a turnip.

“It *is* a turnip,” said Kenny, and he was highly gratified that he had made such a good representation that Gustave should be able to guess what it was.



Kenny had a way, after this, of drawing different things, and bringing them to some one in the family to guess what they were. Often they were very good representations, and could not be mistaken. But sometimes the likeness would not be very clear, and the picture would be quite grotesque.

Occasionally, too, Cousin Guy would pretend not to know what the picture was, and would guess things very different from what Kenny intended. This did not exactly tease Kenny; in fact, he enjoyed it as much as any one. Sometimes Cousin Guy really would not know what the pictures meant, and then, when he would seriously guess, quite out of the way, Kenny would seem really annoyed.

"What is this, Cousin Guy?" said he, one day, handing him a large sheet of paper, with several figures upon it.

"This? well, let me see. Why, I suppose that man is shooting at those others, ain't he?"

"O! Cousin Guy, that is too bad."

"What?"

"To say that is a man shooting some other men."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know. You asked me to guess; and that man certainly does seem to be stretching out his hand toward those others."

"But, Cousin Guy, he has nothing in his hand,

and don't you see how much taller he is than those others? They are not men."

"I did not know; some men are taller than others."

"Why, Cousin Guy, that is Christ blessing little children. Don't you see he is holding out his hand towards them, to put it on their heads."

"Ah, yes, I see now. But, Kenny, if I were you, I would not try to make a picture of Christ."

"No, I won't; but why not?"

"Because Jesus Christ is too sacred a being. You cannot make any thing good for a picture of him. I do not like pictures of the Saviour, even when made by the best artists."

Kenny seemed to feel the force of this reason, and said that he would not try to draw the Saviour any more; that his father had been telling him about Christ's blessing little children, and he thought he would draw it.

But all this suggested to Guy an idea which he afterwards used, and which will be given a little farther on.

There was one funny thing about Kenny's treatment of his drawings and paintings;—he always seemed to regard them as real things, and he would speak of them, and think of them as such. Once, he came to Cousin Guy's room, and invited him to a party.



"A party!" said Cousin Guy; "who are to be there?"

"You, and father, and mother, and Frank, I reckon."

"Well, I don't think I can go, Kenny. I don't want to spoil my appetite for dinner."

"It won't do that. I just want you to *play* eat."

So Cousin Guy went. No one was there but Frank.

"I guess," said Kenny, "we won't wait for father and mother. I will have another for them."

So Cousin Guy sat down to the centre-table, which Kenny had spread, and pretended to eat.

"Take some of these strawberries," said Kenny, handing a round paper full of little red pieces of paper, shaped something like strawberries.

"Thank you," said Cousin Guy, "I am very fond of strawberries. But I did not know they could be gotten at this season."

"Oh! I can get them at any time," said Kenny, with a look of mock gravity.

Kenny seemed to enjoy the entertainment highly, and even Frank, though he could not enjoy all that was going on, entered into the spirit of every thing.

The next Sabbath afternoon, Kenny wanted Cousin Guy to tell him a story; but Mr. Ellis

said that would not do, as Cousin Guy had enough work to do in preaching. But Cousin Guy said he would give Kenny something to do, which would be very pleasant and useful, and not unsuitable for the Sabbath.

"What is it?" asked Kenny.

"Drawing Scripture scenes."

"Just think of something which your father told you from the Bible, and make a picture of it, just as you drew, the other day, Christ blessing little children."

"O, that will be very fine! What shall I draw?"

"I will tell you some scenes, and you can decide which you would like best."

"Well?"

"There is the Egyptians and Israelites crossing the Red Sea. Have you heard about that?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Do you like that?"

"I *like* it, but I do not think I could *draw* it."

"I will give you another. Noah taking the animals into the ark."

"I will draw that."

And soon Kenny was busy at the picture, every now and then bringing it to Cousin Guy with some question. Cousin Guy was lying on the lounge, not reading, nor trying to sleep, but simply rest-



ing, and he told Mr. Ellis that Kenny did not trouble him in the least; that, in fact, he liked to talk a little with him. When the picture was done, and admired, Kenny said:

"Cousin Guy, I am much obliged to you for showing me what to do, just now. But I think it is right hard for me not to be allowed to play at all on the Sabbath."

"Why, Kenny!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, "how can you talk so?" She seemed really shocked. But Cousin Guy, without seeming to hear Kenny's remark, simply said:

"I will tell you a short story now, Kenny."

"I'm glad of it."

"There was once a traveller going to town. He had exactly seven dollars in his pocket. A beggar met him, and told him such a pitiful story that he took out six dollars and gave them to the beggar, keeping only one for himself. Wasn't that kind?"

"Very," said Kenny, emphatically.

"Presently the beggar said to himself," continued Cousin Guy, "I wish I had that other dollar," and finally he decided that he would have it, and overtook the traveller, knocked him down with a stick, and took the dollar from his pocket. What do you think of that?"

"I think it was mean, shameful. That man ought to be hung."



"Kenny," said Cousin Guy, quietly, "you are something like that mean robber."

"I!" said Kenny, in utter astonishment. "Why, what do you mean, Cousin Guy?"

"God made seven days in the week; he gave you six of them, and kept only one for himself, and yet just now you wanted to take that one also."

Kenny said not a word. But he felt deeply the folly of the remark, which had called out Cousin Guy's story, and getting down from the lounge, where he had been sitting, he quietly and thoughtfully walked away.



CHAPTER V.

THE DIARY.

ONE day Kenny was in Cousin Guy's room, standing by Cousin Guy while he was writing. Kenny amused himself looking at various things on the table. Presently he took a little red book with gilt edges, and gilt letters on the back, and, holding it up, said :

"Cousin Guy, what is this?"

"That," said Cousin Guy, looking up, "that is my diary."

"Diary! What is a diary?"

"I am busy, Kenny, and have not time to explain it to you now."

"Will you, if I wait?"

"Yes, if you wait till I am done these letters."

Kenny accordingly took his seat, and commenced to draw something. After a while, Cousin Guy looked at his watch, and said he would not write any more at present.

"Have you done?" inquired Kenny.



"No, but the time is come for me to stop. It is almost dinner time, and I always like to stop work a little while before dinner. It is healthy."

"Now, then, won't you tell me about this little book?"

"It is a diary—a blank book, in which something is to be written every day."

"What sort of things?"

"Sometimes people write an account of how they spend their time; sometimes they write their feelings. In some cases, they write down, beforehand, what they wish to do. This, you see, has a blank space for every day in the year. Now, suppose I promise to pay some money, or make a visit, or do any other thing, on some future day; in order not to forget it, I turn over to the blank for that day, and there write it down. And as I look at the diary every day, I will see the memorandum, and be reminded. For instance, I am appointed to preach at the House of Refuge on the 28th day of May, several weeks off, and I might forget it; but I have put it down on the page for that day. See, here it is, 'Sabbath, 28th of May, preach at the House of Refuge.' Now, I cannot forget it. But the principal use of a diary is to record not things which are to be, but those which have already occurred. Here, now, if you want, I will read you something from my diary."



"I wish you would."

"I will read from last Wednesday's page."

"Directly after breakfast went down town in the carriage, and attended to several items of business. After returning, spent the balance of the morning in reading twenty pages of 'Mosheim's Church History,' writing letters to father and John Henderson, and talking with Kenny. In the afternoon, accompanied by Kenny, went to the Orphan Asylum, preached from Song of Solomon, 2d chap. and 15th verse; afterwards went over the buildings. At night sat in the study with Mr. Ellis and Cousin Sue, talking with them, and writing on my book. The weather to-day bright and pleasant, and I have felt very well, and have been able to *do* a great deal, so that the day has been a happy, and, I hope, a profitable one.'

"Now I will read you the history of day before yesterday; that was Monday, you know.

"'Waked to find it a damp, dark day, myself suffering with a dull headache, and a general good-for-nothing feeling. On account of the weather spent the whole day within doors, but unable to accomplish much. Found it hard to be cheerful and event patient, but found some relief in prayer.

Retired early, hoping to feel brighter and more like work after a good night's rest.'

"Well, Kenny, these are some specimens from my diary. What do you think of them?"

"They are quite interesting. But, Cousin Guy, why do people keep diaries?"

"Well, it is pleasant to remember how we have spent our time."

"But *I* can remember, cousin, without writing it down."

"You may remember for a few days, but not long. I can remember *now* all about last Wednesday, and last Monday, but I should forget it, after a while, if I did not write it down. I cannot remember at all what I was doing a year ago at this time; but, as I kept a diary then, I can easily find out. But you have forgotten all about last year, and have no means of finding out."

"What were you doing a year ago to-day, cousin? I should like to know, just for the curiosity of the thing."

Cousin Guy opened his desk, and, from a pigeon hole where there were several little books like the one from which he had been reading, took the top-most one, and, after turning over the leaves, exclaimed: "Why, Kenny, a year ago to-day I was examined in Latin."



“What do you mean by that?”

“You know I was a student at the university, and twice a year the students are examined on each study; that is, they are asked questions, to see whether they are really learning. Just a year ago I was examined in Latin.”

“Tell me about it.”

“The bell rang at eight o'clock in the morning, and we all had to go to the lecture-room, carrying nothing but some paper, pens, and ink. We found the large blackboard full of questions, and we just had to sit down and write the answers to them. It took me, this time, nearly the whole day. Oh! I was so tired. Reading about it in my diary has made it all seem fresh, as if it were but yesterday. Just in the same way, I could look back, and find out the history of any day for several years past. So you see, Kenny, there is a great pleasure in keeping a diary. There are other advantages besides. By looking back on the past, we see the goodness of God in bringing us along, and so have our gratitude awakened. We see our mistakes and faults in the past, and may correct them. We see how we have come safely through difficulties, and so we are encouraged in present difficulties to keep up a brave heart, and press on. And then, in keeping a diary, there is this advantage at the time, that it makes us more careful of our conduct

to know that we are going to write it down, to be read in after days and years. I would not like to waste this morning, if I expected to write it down in my diary. I know that keeping a diary has made *me* more careful in my conduct."

"I think keeping a diary an excellent plan," said Kenny.

"There is still another advantage," continued Cousin Guy. "It leads one to take a little exercise in writing regularly every day, and as there is generally not much room to write in, one is apt to write in a very concise style. I mean by that, to say a good deal in a few words. You see any one *could* get a large blank book, and take just as much room as he wanted for each day; but most persons now use these little pocket diaries, which have a certain space set apart for each day."

"I should think a person would have more to write some days than others."

"That is true. Some days I do not write more than one or two lines. But I seldom want to fill more than the allotted space. I do not approve of long spun-out-histories. You see, I am not writing for any body else to read, and a few words will be sufficient to enable me to recall all that I wish. Do you understand?"

"O, yes."



"How would it do for you to keep a diary, Kenny?"

"I should like it very much, if I *could* do it?"

"I kept one when I was a very little boy. I remember writing about seeing a comet. I could hardly write."

"But I *can't* write."

"No; but I will write for you. You can tell me what to write, and I will put down exactly what you say."

"Well, I shall like it very much. Let us begin at once."

"Some days there will not be so much to put down. Others will be very interesting. It would be very pleasant for you—when a man—to read about going to the asylum with Cousin Guy, and hearing a sermon about fox-hunting."

"I am very sorry I did not begin in time for that."

"Oh, well, you can put it in now, and all about the balloon, too. It will be very fine for your grandchildren to read, when you are an old man."

"My grandchildren! what an idea!"

"Or your children."

"My children!"

"Yes, I have no doubt that they would be very much interested in knowing how their father did when he was a little boy. I should love very

much to read a diary kept by my father in his boyish days. I would rather have a few pages of his childish manuscript than the handsomest book in Baltimore."

"What is manuscript?"

"Something written with the hand, as distinguished from what is printed. For instance, this diary or those letters are manuscript."

"I do know a good deal about my father when he was a boy, and it interests me very much. He often tells me stories about what he did when he was little."

"I have read some in a diary kept by my father, when he was a young man like myself. It contains a good many incidents and adventures that he met with. But come, Kenny, there is the dinner-bell."

"Didn't you say you were writing a book?"

"Yes."

"Will it be done soon?"

"Not very."

"Will I understand it?"

"I reckon so—I *hope* so; it is written about boys, and for them."

"Has it any thing in it about me?"

To this question, Cousin Guy returned no answer but a smile, and Kenny said:

"I know it has, I am almost sure it has."



At the dinner-table Kenny told his father and mother that he was going to have a diary, and that Cousin Guy was going to keep it for him. His father not only said it was a good plan, but promised to give him a blank book for the purpose.

That very afternoon Kenny had a little adventure, which was recorded in his diary. The record of the day was as follows :

“April 6th. Decided to-day to keep a diary. I am going to tell Cousin Guy what to write, and he is to write it for me. This afternoon I had the following adventure:—I walked with Catharine and Frank to Aunt Lucy’s, where I had a very pleasant time playing with Johnny Nourse. While we were there, it rained very hard, but it cleared off just before night, and Catharine, and Frank, and I, started home. We found the streets very wet, and some of the gutters almost like little rivers, and we could hardly get across. At one of the crossing-places, Catharine was carrying Frank over and leading me, when my foot slipped, and I fell into the deep, muddy water. It was very cold, and, besides, I was afraid I would be drowned; so I screamed as loud as I could. Just then Gustave, who had been sent after us, drove up with the carriage, and carried us home. I was very cold, but mother soon took off my wet clothes, wrapped



me up in flannel, put me to bed, and gave me some hot tea, and I now feel very comfortable, and hope I shall not be sick. I am glad to have something to put into my diary so soon."

This was written by Cousin Guy, while Kenny was lying in bed. It happened in this way:—Kenny was very much frightened after he got home and was put to bed; and so were his father and mother, at first, thinking he would be sick. Cousin Guy came up to his room, and, seeing Kenny so low-spirited, said:—"Well, Kenny, it wasn't pleasant to fall into the water, I know, but it is a first-rate adventure to put into your diary. Come, now, your father has just given me a book to write in, and I'll begin right now."

Kenny brightened up, and proceeded to tell Cousin Guy all about his accident, and, before he was done, he was in the highest glee.

The next morning Kenny was as well and bright as if nothing had happened, and rather glad to have had such an adventure for his diary. Cousin Guy told him that he was not the first person, who had found that a thing might be very unpleasant in experience, and yet even pleasant to remember or describe.

"I remember," said he, "being lost on the mountains once, and spending nearly the whole night



wandering about. It was one of the most miserable seasons I ever experienced ; but I have often since taken great pleasure in recalling and relating the adventure."

"I wish you could tell me."

"I will presently."

During the morning Cousin Guy "wrote up" Kenny's diary to the time he commenced to keep it, giving a general account of his doings for some time, including his artist employments, the history of the balloon, and several trips which he made with his father and Cousin Guy. When this writing was done, Cousin Guy told Kenny to bring the diary to him every night just before going to bed.

"And, Kenny," continued he, "you must determine what to put down. Will you tell about your behavior, or only the things that you do, and that happen to you?"

"All, I believe."

"Well, then, you must try to be very good ; for, you know, if we say any thing on a subject, we must tell the truth, and it would be very unpleasant for yourself, or any one else, to read hereafter about your quarrelling with Frank, or abusing Catharine, or any thing of that sort."

"O, me ! I hope nothing of that sort will get into my diary."

"Now, Kenny," said his cousin, "I will tell you



about my being lost on the mountains. It is not much of a story ; but it is, of course, interesting to me. Well, I was once staying with some friends in the mountains of Virginia. It was quite a wild, lonesome place. One afternoon I was particularly anxious to go to the post-office, which was six miles off."

"Why did you want to go?"

"My father was sick at home, and I wanted to get a letter, telling me how he was. The horses were all busy ploughing, so I said I would walk. I readily found my way to the office."

"Did you get a letter from home?"

"No, I did not get any thing at all, and I felt very much disappointed. The sun was just setting as I started home. I concluded to try a short cut over the mountain, instead of going by the regular road. Accordingly, I took a small path, as I had been directed, and pursued my way along the steep mountain side. For a while I went on finely, but at length my path became steep and rough, and I began to fear I was wrong. I ran hurriedly along to find out, as soon as possible, whether I was indeed lost. My path grew steeper and rougher, and began to lead me right up to a rocky cliff, so that I was convinced that I was on the wrong track. Here it would have been wise for me at once to retrace my steps ; but I thought



I had not time for that, as it was now getting late. So I immediately struck off into the woods, in the direction which I supposed would take me back into the right path. I soon found, however, that this was no easy matter. It began to get quite dark, and the way was all stopped up with brush, and thick foliage. Before long, I had made up my mind that I was fairly lost."

"Did'nt you feel frightened?"

"Not frightened exactly, but it certainly was not very pleasant to think of staying all night alone on the mountain, and I began to fear I would have that to do."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I kept on, moving as rapidly as I could, and shouting with all my might. At last, I thought I heard a shout in reply. I shouted again and again, moving on towards where I thought the sound came from. Presently I distinctly heard a man halloo in answer to me. It was, however, a long way off. I determined to make my way towards him, although it was not in the direction I thought I ought to go to take me where I was staying. I felt that it would be a great relief to see a human face, and then, besides, I thought I could, perhaps, get the man to show me the way. So I kept on, shouting every moment, and walking and running in the direction from which his voice



seemed to come. I climbed to the top of the mountain, and then commenced descending on the other side, which I knew was not the side where my friends lived. At the foot of the mountain was a rail-fence. I kept along that to a corn-field, and then through the corn-field, till I heard a dog bark, and saw the smoke of a chimney. I felt now that I was probably out of my worst trouble. I got to the house, and the man who had been shouting to me, came out to meet me. The first thing that I did, was to ask him for some water: my mouth was parched with thirst. Then I asked him to show me the way to the place where I wanted to go. He urged me to stay all night, but I told him no, I must go back home, as they would be very uneasy about me. So he said he would go with me part of the way. He went with me for some distance, and then said he could not go any further. So he gave me directions about the course I must take, and after I had given him some money he left me. I went on, feeling badly, but quite excited, as I made my way through bushes, and over rocks, and across little streams. My guide had told me that I would pass the cabin of an old bachelor."

"What is a bachelor?"

"A man who is not married. But are you interested, Kenny?"



"Yes, indeed, an old bachelor—"

"An old bachelor, who lived all alone; he would direct me, or send somebody with me to show me the way, or I could stay all night at his house."

"But, cousin, how could he send somebody with you, if he lived all alone?"

"He had servants. I meant that he did not have any family, any body in the house with him."

"Oh, yes."

"Pretty soon, I came to a clearing, that is, an open place, where the woods had been cut off and cleared away. All this time I had been in the thick woods."

"Was it dark?"

"Not very, the moon was full, and was shining bright."

"As soon as I came to the clearing, I knew, from the description my guide had given me, that I was near the old bachelor's house. I kept on, and presently came to it. All was very still. I have often wondered since that the dogs did not bark, and try to bite me, as I heard afterwards there were some very fierce ones there. I went to the door, and found it wide open. I knocked, and heard a voice from a bed in the room saying, 'Who's there?' I answered, 'A traveller who is lost. I want to get some one to show me the way



to Mrs. Smith's. He replied, 'O it's too far—it's four miles from here. Stay all night, and go home in the morning.' I looked at my watch, by the moon, and found out it was nearly mid-night, so I told him I would stay. 'Well,' said he, 'there's another bed in the room, find it and get in.' He did not get up at all. So I felt about, and presently found the bed. There was a gun on it and a bag of dried peaches. I took them off, and laid down."

"Wasn't you afraid, cousin? Did you sleep?"

"No, I wasn't at all afraid. At first, I was too tired to sleep, and amused myself looking at the stars through the cracks in the roof, but presently, I went to sleep and slept soundly."

"I did not know being tired ever kept people from going to sleep. I should think it would make them sleep."

"So it does, except when they are very tired, indeed, so as to feel uncomfortable. Then they are apt to be restless, and turn over and over, instead of going to sleep."

"Well, you have not finished the story."

"The next morning when I awoke, there was no one in the room. I got up, and looked around, but could not find the old man any where. Then I went out, and asked a servant, who told me he had gone to the mill. So I got her to tell me the way, and I started home, as I was very anxious

to get back. Only think, I staid all night at a man's house, without seeing him, or his seeing me. Wasn't that funny?"

"Funny enough."

"I got home to breakfast. The family had felt a little anxious about me, but had concluded that I had staid all night at the post-office. They were very much interested in my adventure, but blamed the old man very much for not getting up, to give me some supper and a light. They said they knew him, and would give him a good scolding. All that day, I felt very tired and stiff, but that was about all the harm that came from my being lost on the mountain. And now, that is all the story."

"A very fine story."

"But you haven't heard the moral of the story."

"What do you mean by the moral?"

"The lesson you are to learn. This story teaches that a person should be careful not to try to go a short cut through the mountains, unless he knows the way, but to keep the main road. It illustrates also another thing that I told you, that an adventure may be disagreeable at the time, and yet rather pleasant to remember or tell about afterwards."

"I am sure, Cousin Guy, I am very glad you had this adventure, as it was the means of getting me a first-rate story."



CHAPTER VI.

THE GREENHOUSE.

GUSTAVE was a German. He was an excellent gardener, not only of vegetables, but of flowers. He had gone to school, and had learned all about gardening; he knew the names of all kinds of plants, and how to raise them, and was very fond of his work, and of telling about it to any of the family, who would come out and talk with him while he was working. Mr. Ellis had not always lived at the place where he now did. He had formerly lived in the city. When he came out to this place, he employed Gustave to take care of the horse and cow, and to work in the garden, and lay off the ground into beds and paths. Gustave had done this work well, and as he was quite pleasant, Mr. Ellis and all the family liked him very much. Gustave had planted a great many flowers, and made frames for them, and very often he would tie up a handsome bouquet of flowers, and carry them to Mrs. Ellis.



One day after dinner, Mr. Ellis and Cousin Guy and Kenny, were walking in the garden, admiring the beautiful flowers, and talking. Presently they came to where Gustave was at work. He had a wheelbarrow full of straw which he was unloading.

"What is that, Gustave?" said Mr. Ellis, "what are you doing?"

"I am going to tie up these little bushes with straw, sir, so that the frost will not kill them."

And Gustave went on, and put some straw all around a bush, and tied a string round it at the top, and at the bottom, so that the bush could not be seen at all; nothing but the straw appeared.

"Now, that one will be nice and warm," said Gustave, as he proceeded to tie up another in the same way.

"But, Gustave," said Mr. Ellis, "can you tie up all the plants in that way?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, will they die?"

"Yes, sir; unless there was a greenhouse."

"That is a pity."

"Yes, sir, it is a pity. I hate to lose all these geraniums, that I have taken so much pains with."

"I suppose you can raise new ones next spring."

"Yes, sir, but it takes a good while, so that the summer is half over before they get to be pretty. And then, besides, I shall not have enough to employ

me in the winter, unless I can keep the flowers in some way. I am trying to keep a few in the stable loft; but it is rather a poor chance. I wish you would have a greenhouse, Mr. Ellis; you could have a small one, and it need not cost much."

Mr. Ellis said he had not intended to have a greenhouse, but he would think about it.

The next day Gustave knocked at the door of Mr. Ellis's study, and when Mr. Ellis invited him in, and asked him what he wanted, he took a roll of papers out of his pocket, and said :

"You were speaking, sir, of having a greenhouse, and I have drawn the plan of one, which I thought I would show you."

So Gustave unrolled the papers, and laid them before Mr. Ellis upon the desk. There were four papers. One contained a *ground-plan*, as it is called, showing the figure on the ground, which the house would make; another gave the front, and another the end; while the fourth was quite a handsome picture, representing the whole greenhouse. The first three of these were drawn with ink and crayons, and had the doors and windows marked out, and the dimensions indicated. The picture was painted in colors, and was almost pretty enough to be framed.

Mr. Ellis looked at the papers, and seemed pleased.

“Why, Gustave,” said he, “where did you get these?”

“I drew them, sir,”

“They are done very well. I did not know you could draw.”

“Yes, sir; we all learned at the school I went to in Germany.”

Gustave was much gratified at the compliment.

“Well, Gustave,” continued Mr. Ellis, “I will keep these papers, and find out how much a greenhouse like this can be built for.”

“There are two Germans, friends of mine, sir, who want the job, and will do it cheaper than any one you will get. May I ask them to come to see you about it?”

“Yes, I wish you would.”

Cousin Guy came in and looked at the papers, and asked Gustave what was that shed behind the Greenhouse. Gustave said that it made the house look better, and that part of the shed would be used for keeping tools and pots, and part of it would be used for a fireplace by which to warm the house. He explained that a cellar would be dug in the shed for the fireplace and that the hot air would be conducted round the greenhouse. Mr. Ellis said he had not thought of the expense of a fire; but Gustave said that it would not be necessary except in



very cold weather, and then not a very large one. After Gustave had gone out, Cousin Guy said :

“ Well, Gustave is an ingenious fellow.”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Ellis, “ that drawing is really well done.”

“ Very well, indeed ; but I did not refer to that, but to his bringing you those drawings at all. It is the best way to get you to have a greenhouse, which is what he is very anxious for.”

“ Yes, that is true. Well, I have about concluded to gratify him. The fact is, he is a first-rate gardener, and a good fellow, and I am afraid if I do not let him have a greenhouse he will go somewhere else, which I should be very sorry to have him do. Mr. Feast, the florist, wants him now.”

The next morning, while the family were at breakfast, Ellen came in, and said there were two men in the yard who wanted to see Mr. Ellis, as soon as he was done. So after breakfast, Mr. Ellis, accompanied by Kenny, went out into the yard. Gustave met him, and told him here were the men who would build a greenhouse for him. They told Mr. Ellis what it would cost, and promised that they would do the work well and very soon. They seemed quite anxious to have the job. Mr. Ellis said he would let them know the next day. That morning he rode down town, and consulted a builder, who said that the price for which the Ger-

mans had agreed to build the greenhouse was very cheap indeed, so Mr. Ellis concluded he would employ them. The next day they came, and Mr. Ellis told them that he had decided to get them to build the greenhouse, and he wanted them to begin at once. They said they would begin that very day, and asked him to tell them exactly where he wanted the greenhouse to be. Mr. Ellis said he would go out to see which would be the best place, and he told Kenny to call his mother and Cousin Guy, to give their opinion. So they all went with Gustave and the Germans, and Mr. Ellis presently decided upon a place which Gustave thought would be the most suitable. It was in full sight of the lane, and was protected by a grove of trees from the north wind, and situated so as to get the full benefit of the warm sun. It was also quite convenient to the house, and to the rest of the garden. So, on all these accounts, this was thought to be a very good situation.

When this was decided on, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Cousin Guy went back into the house, but Kenny staid out to see the work, as the men said they would begin immediately. One of them proceeded to measure the ground with a line, and mark off the size of the greenhouse with his spade, very much as Gustave had done when he was laying off the paths and beds in the garden. Kenny

inquired what this was for, and the man said he was marking the place where he was to dig the foundation.

"What is the use of a foundation?" said Kenny.

"O! it's to make the house strong. If we were to build it right on top of the ground, it might get blown over. A house built down into the ground is like a tree with its roots in the ground, so that it stands firm."

"I understand," said Kenny. "Well, is there any other use in having a foundation?"

"Yes, there is, for a greenhouse. It is warmer a little under ground, and that is better for flowers."

"Why, is it warmer under ground?"

"I don't know exactly, but I know it is warmer under ground in the cold weather."

"I mean to ask father. I know he will understand."

"Yes, I reckon he will."

"By this time the other German had returned, and had brought with him another man, and a boy driving a horse and cart.

"Now, I wonder where Mr. Ellis wants this dirt carried," said one of the workmen. "I will go and see."

Mr. Ellis came out, and showed him a large hollow in the grove, just behind the greenhouse,



which he said he would be glad to have filled up. So the man said he would empty the dirt there. Then the men commenced digging, and, as fast as they got loose dirt, throwing it into the cart. Two of the men worked with a sort of very sharp hoe, which they told Kenny was called a pickaxe. He said it was very much like the picture he had seen of an anchor. With these pickaxes two of the men dug up the ground, which was very hard, while the other man, with a long shovel, threw it into the cart. The little boy stood by, cracking his whip. Kenny said he thought the little boy had a very easy time. But the man said he would have a good deal of hard work to do, and would be pretty hungry by dinner, and both tired and hungry by night. Kenny said he was always tired and hungry at night without having worked at all. He then asked the little boy what work he would have to do.

"O," said he, "I have to walk by the cart to where the load is emptied."

"I should think," said Kenny, "you would ride."

"The load is heavy enough for the horse, without me. I ride back, when it is empty."

"What other work do you have to do?"

"Dump out the dirt."

"What do you mean by that?"



“I tip up the cart body, so as to let the dirt slide out. Then I have to tip the body back, so as to be ready to carry more dirt.”

The cart was now full, and as the boy started off, leading the horse, Kenny said he would go with him, as he wanted to help dump out the dirt. When they got to the place, the boy turned the horse around, so that the back of the cart was just at the edge of the hollow which Mr. Ellis said he wanted filled up. The boy went round and took off the piece from the hind end of the cart. He told Kenny that this piece was called the “tail-board.” When he took this off some of the dirt rolled out of the cart.

“Now,” said he, “I will show you how to dump this load.”

So he unfastened a chain which held the cart-body to the shafts, near the horse's tail; and then put his shoulders under the body and lifted it up, and down went the hind part of the cart, and out went all the dirt, with a considerable noise.

“That would have frightened our horse,” said Kenny.

“This horse is used to it,” said the boy, as he proceeded to drive the horse a little forward, so as to empty all the dirt, and then tipped back the cart body into its proper place.

“Now,” said he, “we will ride back,” and he

jumped into the cart, and pulled Kenny up after him, and they rode back together. When they got back, they found there was a good deal of loose dirt all ready to be hauled away, and all three of the men took shovels, and proceeded to fill the cart. Several loads of dirt were hauled in this way, and Kenny went nearly every time, and rode back with the boy. At last, when they came back, one of the men said :

"Take out now, Johnny, it is twelve o'clock ;" and the boy drove the horse to a tree near by, and unhitched him, and gave him some food, which he had brought with him in a bag and put at the foot of the tree. He emptied the food into the bottom of the cart, and the horse began to eat it, as if he were very hungry.

"Now," said Johnny, "I will go and get my own dinner."

"Is that man your father?" said Kenny.

"Yes."

"How did he know it was twelve o'clock?"

"By the sun, I believe. Whenever the sun is right overhead, that shows it is twelve o'clock."

"I think you have a very early dinner. We don't dine for a good while yet. We dine at two o'clock."

"You see, we eat an early breakfast, so we are



Building the Greenhouse.

obliged to have an early dinner. Workmen generally dine at twelve o'clock."

"Are you a workman?"

"Yes, I reckon so, or rather a work-boy."

The boy now went to where the men were. They had taken their dinner out of a tin bucket, and it looked very nice. There was bread, and meat, and cheese. There was a bottle. At first, Kenny thought it was liquor; but the men said it was molasses. Kenny was hungry, and almost wanted some of the dinner himself; but he knew that it would not be right for him to ask for any, so he thought he would go in the house till after the workmen were done eating. It was very well that he did go in just at this time, as his mother was about to send for him to come and say his lesson. She washed his hands and face, and gave him an apple, and then heard him read. He enjoyed sitting still, as he had been out so long, and had gotten very tired. After that, Kenny went out again to watch the progress of the digging. When the hole became too deep for the dirt to be thrown up into the cart, the boy backed the cart down into the hole. The men had left one of the sides slanting on purpose, for the cart to be backed down. After all the rest of the earth had been taken away, they then dug, and threw into the cart that which had been left. When the digging was finished,



the man who had last come, and the boy with the horse and cart, hauled a few loads of sand and of brick, and a barrel and some tools, to be used in laying the brick. In their place, came another man, who, Gustave told Kenny, was a bricklayer. He got down into the foundation, and began to work with a curious tool. It was made of three pieces of wood, fastened together so as to form a triangle, like the letter A, only the cross-piece was at the bottom, instead of the middle. From the top of this there hung a string with a ball of lead attached. The workmen used this instrument in order to find out when the ground was level. He would set it on the ground that he wanted level, and if the string hung straight over a little mark on the cross-piece, he knew the place on which the instrument was placed was level. But if the string hung on one side, he knew the ground on that side was too low, and he would take his spade or trowel and dig away some. In this manner he went all around, and then said that he had levelled a place on which to build the wall. He then proceeded to lay the bricks. He laid them right on the ground, with the small side of the bricks next to the ground, and without any mortar at all. He told Kenny that when he had finished the first course, he would put the flat side of the bricks down, and would use mortar to make them hold

together. When he had finished laying this course of bricks, he said he would make his mortar. Among the tools which had been brought was a large sieve. It was not round, such as is generally used in kitchens, but oblong. The man took this, and leaned it slanting against a tree. He would then take up the sand in his shovel, and throw it against the sieve. The fine sand would go through the holes, and the gravel and stones would roll down. When a good deal of sand had been thus sifted, the man threw it into a flat box which had been brought in the cart.

"Now," said he, "I want Gustave."

"I will call him," said Kenny.

"Thank you, I wish you would."

Mr. Ellis had agreed with the workmen that Gustave should help them.

Kenny soon returned with Gustave. The man said:

"Gustave, I want some water here. Will you help me get it?"

"Certainly; how shall we bring it?"

"The best way will be in a barrel, on a wheelbarrow. I see you have a wheelbarrow. Have you a barrel that will hold water?"

"Yes, I have one that I keep to catch water from the stable roof, to water the plants with. Let us go and get it."



So Gustave and the workman got the wheelbarrow, and then the barrel, and went to the pump. They found the barrel was too high to get under the spout of the pump, so they let it remain on the wheelbarrow and filled it by catching the water in a bucket, and pouring it into the barrel. The pump was not one with a long handle but with a wheel, and when this wheel was turned, the water ran in a constant and abundant stream. Gustave turned the wheel, and the workman held the bucket, and emptied it into the barrel. When the barrel was full, the man told Gustave to hold it, to keep it from shaking, and he would roll the wheelbarrow. In this way they managed to spill very little.

"Now," said the workman to Gustave, when they got to the place of work, "I wish you would take the bucket and pour the water on this sand as I tell you."

"Very well," said Gustave, "I will."

Then the workman took his hoe, and got all the sand into a heap, and then made a little hole in the top of the heap, and told Gustave to pour some water into that hole. As soon as that was done, he commenced stirring the sand and water, so as to mix them well before the water could run off. In this way Gustave kept pouring on water, and the man stirring with the hoe, until all the

sand was wet. Then he made it into a heap in the corner of the box.

"Now," said Kenny, "I suppose your mortar is all ready."

"Not yet," said the workman; "we must put in the lime."

"Lime! what is that?"

"Something that we mix with the sand which causes the mortar to dry and harden. It would not answer at all without the lime."

So the man went to the barrel which had been brought, and knocked in the top, and then took out some white substance that looked like flour, only it had a good many lumps. The man told Kenny it was lime. He put some of it into the box.

"Now," said he to Kenny, "if you will look out, you will see something very curious—something, I reckon, you never saw before."

"What is that?"

"Look out, and you will see. Now, Gustave, please pour some water on this lime."

Gustave did so, and immediately the lime smoked, and the water hissed and foamed, and bubbled just as if it were boiling. Kenny was very much astonished.

"Why," said he, "that looks as if it were a-fire. I wonder if it is really hot."

“Yes, indeed,” said the man as he stirred it with his hoe, “it is hot. Put your hand over there, and you will feel the hot air coming up.”

Kenny did so, and found it hot, just as if he had his hand over boiling water.

“This,” said the workman, “is called slaking the lime.”

He then mixed this lime with the sand, and said that now the mortar was done and ready for use, and he would proceed to lay the brick.

Mrs. Ellis now came into the porch, and told Kenny it was time for him to come in and say his lesson. Kenny ran at once to her, but asked her please to let him stay a little while longer, and see some bricks laid. He told her he was having a noble time, and was learning a great deal. So his mother said he might wait a little while. Kenny, on going back, found the man in the foundation, with a large square board covered with bricks, and another with mortar. The workman would take up some mortar on his trowel, and, holding it over the bricks that he had laid, would give it a jerk, so as to spread the mortar over several of the bricks. Then he would draw his trowel over it, so as to flatten it. Then he would lay the bricks, carefully keeping them in a straight line, and knocking them gently into their place with the handle of the trowel. Whenever he wanted a

piece of brick, he would strike one with the sharp edge of his trowel, and break it into the size he wanted. He first built up the wall at the opposite corners, and then stretched a line across from one of these to the other, so as to be able to keep the wall straight. Kenny noticed that he never placed one brick exactly over another, but over the place where the ends of two bricks joined, so as to lap one half over each. He said that this made the wall much stronger, and that this was the way that bricks were always laid. Kenny now thought his mother would want him, so he went in. He came out again that afternoon, and indeed continued to spend most of his time with the workmen. He found it very pleasant, to see work done which was new to him, and especially to see the walls of a house rising, where a little while ago there was nothing. In a few days, the walls were completed, and then the men proceeded to build a channel. At first Kenny could not understand what was meant by a channel, but Cousin Guy explained to him that it was a sort of chimney, only instead of going straight up, as chimneys generally do, it first went all around the greenhouse to the place from which it started, gradually rising, and then went straight up to the top of the house. He said the object of the channel was to conduct the heat all through the greenhouse, so as



to warm the air, and keep the flowers from being killed in the cold weather. The fire-place was not in the greenhouse, but in a little cellar behind. At last all the brickwork of the greenhouse was finished. Kenny thought he would now have fine fun seeing the carpenter work done, and that he would have a chance to get a good many blocks. But there was not so much of this kind of work as he expected. The workmen had brought all the window frames ready made. They told Kenny they were made by machinery, and could be done a great deal cheaper in that way. All the wooden parts of the greenhouse were brought in a wagon, all ready to put up; and in the course of the day, the whole was finished enough for Gustave to begin to put the flowers in. The painting was done afterwards. There was in fact very little to do, as the top and front, and both ends were pretty much made up of windows. Even the door was like a window, only it was on hinges, instead of sliding up and down, as all the windows did. The shed behind the greenhouse was also quickly finished. Part of this was occupied by a cellar for coal and by the fire-place. The other was to be kept to keep tools and flower-pots. When the house was done, Mr. Ellis told the workman that he liked it very much, and that they had done their work in quite a short time.



He then paid them, and they went away. Gustave proceeded to fit up the house with all that was needful. He had told Mr. Ellis that he could do this, and that he would like to do it. He first made shelves for the flower-pots. These shelves were like steps, and occupied nearly the whole of the house. He then made a long shallow box, divided into several compartments, and fastened it up against the wall, about as high as a work-bench. This box, he told Kenny, was to sprout seed in. He said that he would take the little plants out of this, and put them in pots. Then he got a hogshead, and brought it into the greenhouse, and put it under the shelves, and made a pipe to bring the rain-water from the roof into the hogshead. In this way, he would always have water convenient for the flowers. The greenhouse was now ready for the flowers. When all this was done, Gustave moved into the greenhouse the plants which he had been keeping in the stable loft. While he was doing this, Mr. Meridett came out. As soon as he entered the greenhouse, he said :

“ Why, Gustave, haven’t you got these shelves wrong ? I should think you would have the large shelves at the bottom and the small ones at the top : but you have put them just the other way.”

“ O no, sir, this is right, and this is the way they



are always fixed. You see," continued Gustave pleasantly, but quite earnestly, "you see, if the large pots and large flowers were on the lower shelves, I could not reach over to water and to handle the flowers above. As it is, I can do it very well. Besides, sir, the large plants require more heat, so that they must be put as high up as possible."

"I should think it would be warmer near the channel," said Kenny.

"No," said Cousin Guy, "it is warmer up high first, because the hot air always rises. In a crowded church on a warm day, the gallery is always the warmest place."

"Well, what is the other reason?"

"It is warmer up high in a greenhouse, because the roof is of glass, which reflects the heat of the sun. I see now," continued he, turning to Gustave, "that you are right, in the way you have arranged the shelves. I did not think of the advantages you mentioned in having the small plants below, and the large ones above. I only went on general principles."

"Yes, sir," said Gustave, "it would seem at first sight to be as you thought."

"Cousin Guy," said Kenny, "what do you mean by general principles?"

"Why, I meant this, that though I had never

noticed how greenhouse shelves were arranged, I knew that generally when several things are placed one above the other, the larger are put at the bottom, and the smaller at the top, and that when the opposite plan is pursued, it is neither so safe nor looks so well."

Gustave now said he was going to town for some flower-pots.

"I want to go," said Kenny.

"I don't think you can, though. I am going in the wagon, and your mother will not want you to go in that."

"Oh, I can go in the wagon very well. I would rather go in the wagon than in the carriage. I can sit up on the seat, with you. Can't I go, Cousin Guy?"

"Yes, indeed, you *can* go. Gustave only meant that your mother would not be willing."

"I would like very much to have you," said Gustave, "if your mother thinks it proper."

"I mean to go right off and ask her to let me," and off Kenny was starting.

"Stop a moment," said Cousin Guy.

Kenny paused a moment to see what Cousin Guy wanted, and Cousin Guy said:

"Your mother may not be willing for you to go, and I only wanted to tell you, if this is the case, I hope you will take it pleasantly. You had



better make up your mind beforehand to do so. Will you?"

"Yes," said Kenny, "I will," and he ran off to ask his mother. She at once told him that she did not know whether it would be right for him to go, but said she was very willing, if his father approved. So Kenny proceeded in search of his father, and found him in the study, and asked his permission to go with Gustave. Mr. Ellis said there were two points to be considered—first, whether it was proper for him to go, and, second, whether his mother was willing. Kenny said his mother had said she was willing, if it was proper. So Mr. Ellis said he would go out and see about it. As he and Kenny went out, Kenny told his father that he had made up his mind, if he did not go, that he would not cry or be bad. His father said, that was a good plan; that it was bad enough to be disappointed of a pleasure, without doing any thing to make himself unhappy. Besides, it was so wrong to cry and be naughty, just because he could not do whatever he wanted.

"Well, Gustave," said Mr. Ellis, "what about Kenny's going with you?"

"Just as you choose, sir; I should like to have him, if you think it proper; but I thought you would not like to have him ride through the streets in the wagon."

“Oh, I don't care about that. Can he ride on the seat with you, without danger, and without troubling you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, then he may go. You may go, Kenny.”

Dave was soon harnessed, and Gustave and Kenny started off. The wagon had no springs, and jolted a good deal, as it rattled over the rough pavement, but Gustave had put a sheep-skin on the seat, which made it quite comfortable. Kenny's feet could not reach down to the front-piece of the wagon, but Gustave put one arm around him, so as to hold him safely. They drove down Baltimore street, and at length stopped in front of a dingy, dull-looking store. Kenny was rather disappointed. He had occasionally been to a china store, and had admired its beautiful wares, and he thought that they would get the flower-pots at that kind of store.

“Is this the place?” said he.

“This is the place,” said Gustave, as he jumped out. Then he took Kenny out, and fastened the horse to a post near by. There was no post exactly in front of the store, so Gustave led him to one a few yards further on, as he said he did not like to leave him untied, for fear he might start off and leave them, and perhaps break something.

“Yes,” said Gustave, “this is the pottery.”



"Do they make pots here?"

"No; they make them at the factory, a few miles in the country, and bring them in here to sell."

"Well, Gustave, why didn't you go to a china store?"

"Because I can buy cheaper here. This is a wholesale store. The china shops buy here, and they have to charge their profit."

Kenny did not understand all this; but he did understand that Gustave came to this store because he could buy cheaper than elsewhere. The shopkeeper seemed to know Gustave, and treated him very politely. Gustave told him that he wanted to buy a good many pots—enough to stock a greenhouse, and that he wanted to get them cheap. The shopman said there was a large assortment of pots, and very cheap. So Gustave went around the room, and down cellar, picking out what he wanted. He got a few very large ones, and a few very small, and then a great many of medium size. The smallest were not larger than tea-cups. Kenny said these were very nice, and asked Gustave to give him one. Gustave said he would give him one, and a flower to put in it. As the pots were selected, they were put one within the other, and carried out to the wagon.

Gustave had put in a good deal of straw to keep them from breaking. The man asked Gustave if



he did not want some saucers. Gustave said he would take a few, that he did not want saucers for all the pots. He told Kenny that the saucers were to catch the water, which came through the holes in the bottom of the pots, and that saucers were principally useful when flowers were in a place where it was desirable not to have a slop; that it did not make much difference in a greenhouse. Kenny asked if saucers were useful for any thing else, and Gustave told him that by holding the water which ran out of the pot, the roots were kept moist longer. As soon as all the pots and saucers were in the wagon, and the shopman was paid, Gustave and Kenny took their places on the seat, and drove straight back home. Kenny did not enjoy returning as much as he did coming, as they went very slowly, so as not to break any of the pots. When they reached home, Gustave went to work at once to fill the pots, while Kenny went in to tell his father what he had seen, and that he had come back safely. He then went out with his father to see Gustave. They found that he had a large pile of black earth, very fine and soft, and that he was filling the flower-pots with this. He did it very rapidly in this way: he would take a pot and put it, with the open side down, on the earth, and then turn it over, so as to fill it, and give it a shake to settle the earth. As fast as he filled



the pots, he would set them on a board, in a row. When he had filled a good many, he took his spade and a basket, and went to dig up plants to put into the pots. He would very carefully take up a plant, so as to leave a good deal of earth adhering to the roots, and would place it in the basket. After he had filled the basket, he brought them to the greenhouse, and proceeded to put the plants into the pots, which were prepared for them. And then, finally, the pots with the plants in them were put up on the shelves in the greenhouse. Gustave took care to put in the large plants first, and as they were placed on the upper shelves, they would not interfere with putting in the smaller ones afterward. Work of this sort pretty much occupied Gustave for several days, and he seemed to do it with great pleasure. At length the greenhouse was filled, and Gustave went in to ask Mr. and Mrs. Ellis to come and see it. They were both very much pleased; and, indeed, the flowers presented a beautiful appearance. The steps rose almost perpendicularly, and as the leaves hid the plank, the appearance was that of a wall of flowers. Gustave said it would look even prettier when the ground was covered with snow; and besides, he was going to raise a great many more flowers, and some of them prettier than any that had grown in the garden.



After this the greenhouse was certainly a constant source of pleasure to Gustave. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis went in occasionally, and would enjoy a bouquet whenever Gustave made it and brought it to them. Next to Gustave, Mr. Meridett enjoyed the greenhouse more than any one else. Often, in the cold weather, he would go in and spend hours with Gustave, watching him work, and talking with him about the flowers. Gustave knew all the long, botanical names for the different plants, and was very much pleased to tell them to Mr. Meridett.

Cousin Guy was also very fond of getting bouquets. Sometimes he would keep them in his room, and sometimes carry them to his friends in the city. One cold, bright day he went into the greenhouse to get Gustave to put him up a bouquet.

"I want you," said he to Gustave, "to take more pains than usual with this bouquet. It is for a lady—a lady from Virginia, whom I knew when I was at the University. I want her to see what Baltimore can do."

Gustave smiled, and said he would do his best. He was busy transplanting flowers from a sort of bed in which they had been raised, to small pots. The bed was filled with sand. Gustave said that seed would grow better in sand than in any other



kind of earth, as it was always moist. He had a box full of black mould with which he filled the pots. He was also transplanting some flowers from small pots into larger ones. He would turn the pot upside down, and give it a gentle tap, and the flower, with the soil all caked around the root in just the shape of the pot, would come out. Then he would put this just as it was into the larger pot, and pack in enough soil to fill up. He said the flower would hardly know it had gotten into a bigger house. He called Mr. Meridett's attention to one of the flowers. The roots had spread so entirely around the edges of the pot that little else was to be seen but a mass of delicate white roots. It was indeed very beautiful.

"Why, Gustave, what is that for?" said Mr. Meridett, and he pointed to a shallow box filled with earth, and in the earth little pots of flowers stuck, just as if they had been planted, pots and all.

"Well, sir," said Gustave, "the flowers became too large for the pots, and it was not convenient to transplant them, so I just put the pots in the earth."

"But what good does that do?"

"Oh, the roots run down through the hole of the pot into the earth. Let me show you," and Gustave with his finger scratched up the earth in the box, and showed him that it was full of roots from the flowers that were in the pots.



"Well, that is certainly very wonderful. But now, how can you transplant those flowers?"

"Sometimes I have to break the pot; but generally I can draw up the roots through the hole in the pot."

Gustave now proceeded to make a bouquet for Mr. Meridett. He first gathered all the flowers he thought he would need.

"Now," said he, "will you have the flowers put against this flat cedar, so as to present a front on one side, or will you have them made into a sort of pyramid, so that the flowers will show equally all around?"

"I think I would prefer the pyramid."

Accordingly Gustave selected a handsome rose with a good many green leaves attached, and proceeded to arrange flowers around it as a centre. He did it very deliberately and carefully, wrapping the thread around each separate flower. When he was not so particular about making a fine bouquet, he would hold it in his hand, and not tie the flowers at all, until they were all arranged in their places. But he said that when it was important to make a very nice bouquet, it was necessary to tie each flower so as to keep it exactly in its place. This took a good deal of thread.

"Oh, Gustave!" said Mr. Meridett, pointing to



a very delicate and beautiful flower, "I wish you could put that in!"

"Yes, sir," said Gustave, as he stepped up and carefully clipped it off.

"But you cannot put that in, you have not left a long enough stem."

"I did not like to cut a longer stem, sir, it would injure the plant, and it is a very rare and valuable one; but I can make a stem that will answer just as well."

So Gustave took his knife, and cut a splinter from a block lying on the ground, and whittled it very fine and smooth, making one end of it sharp. To the other end he carefully tied the flower, covering the wood with leaves so as to conceal it entirely, and then thrusting the sharp end of the splinter into the bouquet, so that the flower took its place in the bouquet, just as if it had been tied in with the rest. Mr. Meridett was very much pleased, and told Gustave that he was certainly an ingenious fellow. At last the bouquet was done, and Mr. Meridett told Gustave he had been nearly one hour fixing it, but that it was pretty enough to be worth all the trouble. It was indeed a magnificent bouquet, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis admired it very much. As Mr. Meridett was just starting to go down town, Gustave came running after him, and said:



“Mr. Meridett, if you want to keep those flowers fresh and beautiful, you must not carry them so. You should wrap wet paper around the stems, and then cover it all lightly over with a newspaper.”

So Mr. Meridett went back to the greenhouse, and did as Gustave had directed. The next day he told Gustave that the lady, to whom he had carried the flowers, was very much pleased with them, and thought they were beautifully arranged. She said, too, that she wanted him to give her some flower seed that she might plant when she went home. Gustave said he would send her some that very day. So in the afternoon he handed Mr. Meridett a little package. It contained several little paper bags of seed, with a written paper with the names and descriptions of the flowers, and directions for raising them. The reader may perhaps hear more of these flower seeds, and of this lady, in a subsequent volume of this series, bearing the title of “Cousin Guy.”

CHAPTER VII.

SCULPTURE

ONE morning at the breakfast table, Cousin Guy said:

"Mr. Ellis, have you been to see 'The Coquette?'"

"No," said Mr. Ellis, "I have not, but I want to go. Have *you* been?"

"Yes; I went last evening, and I had a very pleasant surprise."

"So you liked the statue?"

"Yes, very much; but my pleasant surprise was in finding that the artist, Mr. Barbee, was an old fellow-student."

"Indeed! That must have been pleasant. Were you at the University together?"

"No; at Richmond College."

"Well, I think we must all go to-day to see the 'Coquette.' What do you say, Virginia?"

"I shall be very glad," replied Mrs. Ellis; and



Kenny chimed in a request that he might go too. His father said he was very willing.

"But, Kenny," continued Mr. Ellis, "do you know what you are going to see?"

"Certainly, father; I know what a statue is."

"But *this* statue," said Mr. Ellis, "is called the 'Coquette.' Do you know what that means?"

"No, I don't; but I wish you would tell me."

"You know sometimes statues are made to resemble particular persons."

"Yes; there is the statue of Washington. I have a picture of it."

"Very well. Then sometimes statues are made to resemble, not a particular person, but any person of a particular character. This statue is made to resemble any pretty young lady who is a coquette."

"But you hav'n't told me yet what a coquette is."

"I am afraid I cannot explain it to you, so as to make you understand it."

"You will understand it when you are older," said Cousin Guy, smiling.

"I want to know now. Please try to tell me."

"Well, then," said Cousin Guy, "a coquette is a lady who smiles on a gentleman, as if she liked him very much, when in reality she does not care about him."



"Oh, I understand that!"

"Soon after breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Cousin Guy, and Kenny rode down town in the carriage, and went at once to the room where the statue was kept for exhibition. They found it to be an ordinary-sized room, on Baltimore street, and only a few persons within, who came out just as the carriage drove up. Mrs. Ellis said she had expected to find a large hall, crowded with people. But Cousin Guy told her it was not as if the statue was to be exhibited for only a few days, and at particular hours of the day; but that it was to remain in the city for some months, and could be seen at any time, so that though many persons in all would visit it, there would, generally, be only a few present at once.

A very pleasant gentleman met them at the door, who greeted Cousin Guy cordially, and invited the party in. He said, he supposed they had come to see the statue, and immediately led them to it, and took off a veil with which it had been covered. It was a marble figure of a young female, holding in one hand a heart, and in the other an arrow pierced through the heart. This she was surveying with a look of inexpressible pleasure and mischief.

"Why, she is smiling, father," said Kenny.



"Yes, there is a very natural smile on the face," replied Mr. Ellis.

"It has been said," observed Mr. Barbee, apparently gratified at these remarks, "that it is impossible to make marble smile."

"But that marble smiles," said Mrs. Ellis; "it is a wonderful triumph of skill."

Mr. Barbee then went on modestly, but enthusiastically, calling attention to different points of the statue; and the more Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and Cousin Guy looked, the more they admired it. Mr. Meridett asked Mr. Barbee how he first became a sculptor.

"Why," said he, "I cannot remember the time when I was not fond of carving images. When I was a boy, I was always cutting bark and soft pine with my knife, and making all sort of figures. Once or twice, I was whipped for this, and I determined to stop it, but I could not do it."

"Well, did you go right on, then, and become a sculptor?"

"Oh, no! When I grew up, I studied law, and commenced to be a lawyer. But, though I never dreamed of being an artist by profession, I still thought I would rather chisel out beautiful forms than do any thing else in the world; and, somehow, I was always at work, sometimes hardly conscious of what I was at. In the court room I would



find myself cutting figures of the heads of persons present. I will show you something that I made then."

And Mr. Barbee went to a closet, and took out a cane, which he handed to Mr. Ellis. It was carved all over with heads of all sorts, and was very handsome and curious. They all admired it, but Kenny could hardly express the admiration he felt. He seemed to think it more wonderful than the statue. While he was looking at it, Mr. Ellis asked Mr. Barbee to continue his narrative, as he was very much interested, and especially wanted to hear how Mr. Barbee became a sculptor.

"At last," continued Mr. Barbee, "I felt that I must make some statues. It seemed that I could not be satisfied unless I did. And yet I had been so often ridiculed on the subject, that I felt very much ashamed, and determined to pursue my work privately. I did not tell my wife even. But I procured some plaster of Paris, and proceeded to work away on it, working only at night, when I would not be interrupted, and hiding the materials and tools when I stopped. One night, at a late hour, General B. was passing by my office and heard me at work. He immediately guessed my secret, and called out to me to open the door, and let him in, as he knew all about what I was

doing. I did so, and made him at once my confidante. He went up to a small statue which I had nearly finished, exclaiming :

“ ‘Why, man, you ought not to be any thing else but a sculptor; you can’t make a speech half as good as that.’ ‘I certainly had much rather make statues than speeches,’ said I. He promised not to divulge my secret, without my consent, on condition I would at once finish, and give him the statue I was then at work on. To this I gladly consented. I had no idea it was valuable. I made it simply because it was a pleasure to do so, or rather I could not help it. The rest is soon told. The general carried the statute to Baltimore, and showed it to several gentleman interested in the arts, and they said the man who made it must go to Italy, and give up every thing else to be a sculptor. After I fairly got the idea, I was ready enough to do this. I sold my law books, went to Florence, and ‘The Coquette,’ there, is my first work.”

Even Kenny had listened with interest to this account, and when it was finished, all said that it was very remarkable. Mr. Meridett then asked Mr. Barbee to tell them something of the way in which statues were made. Mr. Barbee said he would be pleased to give them any information in his power. He went on to say, that all the work

done by the artist was on plaster of Paris, which was soft, and easily cut, and that when the model was done, the marble was generally chiseled out by a more common workman. Mr. Ellis seemed much surprized at this, and said he had never known much about it, but had always supposed that the whole work on the marble was done by the artist himself. Mr. Barbee said he would show them a figure he was then at work upon. He conducted them into a back room, and pointed to a half finished statue of a boy. He said the name of this would be "Young America." He showed them a chisel and small mallet, which, he said, were almost his entire implements. He said a great deal of the work now would be done simply with the chisel, that sometimes he would spend hours in shaping a single muscle or feature.

"But I do not understand," said Mr. Meridett, "how you manage to get exactly the size, and shape of every part."

"Well, it is of course a good deal in having a native talent for it, but then, besides, one has to study, and take an immense deal of pains. The sculptor has to understand anatomy well, so as to know the position of every muscle, and the character of every joint."

He took down a large volume, and continued: "Now, here are a large number of plates. I have



sometimes spent a day studying one of these, turning from the plate to the figure, and from the figure to the plate. But then, besides all this, we study nature itself. We get persons to come and stay in the studio for hours, placing themselves in different postures, and from them we get the idea we want. We do not often get the whole from any one person. A person might have a forehead very beautiful, but a nose positively ugly. Art aims at perfection, and the plan of the artist is to get one feature from one person, and another from another."

"But, do you not sometimes find it difficult to get as many persons as you want, and the right kind, for you to copy from?" inquired Mrs. Ellis.

"Yes, it would be difficult here, because there is little sculpture made in this country. But in Italy, where art is the principal thing, there is a demand for persons to sit as models, and there are numbers who make it a business. They come to the artist's studio, and ask him if he wants models. I had many a pretty girl in my studio, when I was making 'The Coquette.'"

"But I should think," said Mr. Ellis, "it would be very embarrassing both to the models and to the sculptor."

"No. He is engrossed in his work, and the nov-



elty of the thing soon wears off, while the model has already become accustomed to it."

Mr. Ellis and his party now thanked the artist for his politeness to them, and took their leave. As they rode home, they discussed what they had seen and heard, and experienced much gratification at the result of their visit. Kenny declared he meant to begin at once to be a sculptor. Accordingly, when he reached home, he asked his father to give him something to make figures out of. Mr. Ellis said he really did not know what Kenny could have, unless he should get some dough from the kitchen. So Kenny went to the kitchen, and asked Mary to give him some dough. Mary said there was none then, but she would give him some when she made biscuit for supper. It was with difficulty he could wait till then, so full was he of becoming a sculptor, the first step to which, he thought, was to mould dough into various shapes. But Kenny did not experience the success he had hoped. The dough was soft and sticky, and would not assume any very regular shape. But, by dint of considerable effort, he at last made a tolerable figure of a man. The difficulty was, however, that the man could not be made to stand up. It had to be kept all the time lying upon the block of wood upon which it had been made. At last he concluded to bake it, and



by this means the desired stiffness and hardness were secured. But its shape was injured in baking. Besides, Kenny did not think it very dignified to bake his statue just like a biscuit. But it was the best he could do.

A day or two after, he was out at the greenhouse watching the painters paint the windows. They used putty to fill up the holes which had been made by the nails. There was a large piece of this putty, and Kenny amused himself by working it in his hands. Presently it occurred to him that this would be better than dough. It was far less brittle, and would stay in the shape into which it was made. He determined to go and see if he could not get a piece of putty for his own use. He thought he would go to Gustave, as he kept every thing of that sort in his shop in the stable-loft, and he felt pretty sure that Gustave would give him some, if he had any. He found Gustave at the stable.

"Gustave," said he, "I want you to give me some putty."

"Why, what do you want with putty? It will grease your clothes."

"Is putty greasy?"

"Certainly, it has oil in it. But what do you want with putty? I suppose I could let you have some, but it is not a very clean plaything."



"Oh, I don't want it as a plaything. I want to make statues. You see, Gustave, I went the other day to see a beautiful statue, and the gentleman who made it said, when he was a boy, he was always making figures out of all sorts of things, and now I want to do so, and perhaps after a while, Gustave, I shall make a great statue too."

"Well, is putty the best thing?"

"It is the best thing I can *get*. I tried dough, but it did not do very well; but I have been trying some putty, and I think that will answer."

Gustave now went up-stairs, and presently returned, bringing a big piece of putty, which he told Kenny he would lend him. But Kenny said he did not want it lent to him—he wanted it as a gift, to do as he chose with and to keep. Gustave said, finally, that he would give it up to him on one condition, that if ever Kenny got tired of it, he should have it again, and Kenny readily consented to this, because now, he said, he need never give up the putty until he choose, and he did not believe this would *ever* be the case.

Kenny found, as he supposed, that putty was a much more suitable material than dough; but there remained the same difficulty that he had found with the dough, namely, to get it stiff and hard. He asked Gustave how this could be secured. Gustave said he did not know, but he supposed



that the best plan would be, when he had completed a figure to put it in some good place out of doors. He said he knew that the putty on the windows, which was exposed to the air, soon became hard. Kenny determined to try this expedient. He succeeded in making several figures, which were really quite life-like. One was a frog, copied from a glass frog which his father had on a paper-weight. Another was a dog crouching. This was copied from an ornamental figure on the mantel of the library. While Kenny was engaged in this work, Frank stood by, watching with the greatest interest. Indeed, he was very anxious to be at work himself, and it was with great difficulty that Kenny could keep him from the putty. When Kenny had used all his material, and had several figures lying on the board before him, he asked Frank to go and ask Gustave to come there. He wanted Gustave to tell him where to put his figures to harden. He said he did not like to leave them, for fear something might happen. But Frank did not like to go, so Kenny told him to stay and take care, while he went to look for Gustave. Presently he returned with Gustave, who told him he had better put his figures on the outside of one of the window sills. He said there was one of the windows in his room which was seldom opened, and that the figures might be put



outside of that, where they would be safe. Accordingly, he and Kenny went up, Gustave carrying the board with the figures. When they reached the room, Gustave opened the window, and Kenny carefully placed the figures, one by one, upon the sill without. Gustave said that in a few days the putty would become hard, and the figures would be fit for use. That night Kenny told his father what he had done. Mr. Ellis seemed to think it very ingenious, and said he wished Kenny could have some better materials to work with.

"Couldn't he have some soft pine?" inquired Mrs. Ellis.

"Certainly; or chalk, or plaster of Paris. But the difficulty with these is, that a knife would be needed, a sharp knife, and I fear that he would cut himself."

"Oh! I had not thought of that. I wouldn't like at all for him to have a knife."

"I imagine," said Mr. Ellis, "he will have to content himself with drawing and painting for the present, and if his sculpture mania lasts, he can have better opportunities when he is older."

A few days after this, Kenny asked Gustave to go with him and get the figures from the window-sill, as he was sure they must be hard by this time. Accordingly, they went up, and to Kenny's great



delight, found the figures quite hard, and much whitened, so as to bear considerable resemblance to stone. He took them and carried them to his mother and to his Cousin Guy, both of whom congratulated him on his success. Kenny told Cousin Guy he might have the frog. Cousin Guy said he would keep it among his curiosities, and prize it very much as a souvenir of Kenny's first sculpture.

"I will also," continued he, "preach you a little sermon on sculpture."

"I shall be glad to hear it."

"Well, then, my first remark is, that you have been, ever since you were old enough to understand any thing, a sculptor, and that you will continue to be a sculptor as long as you live."

"I do not understand you, Cousin Guy."

"I will explain what I mean. I do not mean that you are a sculptor of clay or marble, or any thing of that sort, but that you are the sculptor of your own character. You are every day doing something to determine what sort of a person you are to be, both in this world and in the next. Every act of obedience, every good thought, every right feeling, every victory over temptation, makes its impression on your character as really as does the chiselling of the artist leave its trace upon the marble upon which he is working. It is true that



the formation of your character is gradual, but it is sure. You may not see, and your friends may not see, any change day by day, but the work is going on nevertheless, and in a few months the change will be very decided and manifest. You remember the sculptor told us the other day that sometimes he would spend hours in chiselling a little here and a little there, without any perceptible effect to a bystander, and yet all this helped to complete the work, and make a perfect statue. Do you not see that you are a sculptor? It is true, indeed, that others have much to do in the formation of your character. Your parents and daily associates may have much influence over you; and yet, after all, it mainly depends upon you. Yes, Kenny, little boy as you are, you have to choose yourself, whether you will yield to the good influences around you, or to the evil. Even your father cannot subdue your evil dispositions, and make you act, and think, and feel right. This work you have to do yourself. I do not mean that you can perform it by yourself. On the contrary, you will need, if you carve a beautiful character, daily, hourly aid from God. You know how this is to be secured; you must ask Him for it.

“And now, Kenny, this work in which you are engaged, as the sculptor of your own character, is one of vast importance. You would feel very



proud and happy, had you executed a beautiful statue which every one admired, but a beautiful character, a good and noble man, is far more lovely than any statue or picture, and is far more admired by wise men, by angels, and by God. Besides, a statue of brass or of marble, cannot last always. When a few centuries shall roll around, it will lose its beauty, and finally will utterly decay; but a soul that is truly good, will go on increasing in goodness and beauty for ever and ever.

“I have one other remark to make, suggested by your recent experiments in moulding figures. You commenced with your material in a soft condition, so that you could make it into any shape you choose. It then hardened, so that you could break it, before you could alter it into another form. Here, now, is this frog you have given me. A few days ago it was so soft, that you could print it with your nail, or press it with your finger, into any form. But now it has become hard, and you would not find it easy to change it into any thing else. Well, Kenny, it is just the same way with your character. Now it is as the putty was; it is easy to be shaped either for good, or for bad. But it is hardening every day, and every day becoming more and more fixed. By the time you are twenty-five, it will be pretty well determined what sort of a man you are to be afterwards. This, then, is



the most important period of your life. It is the *formative* period. It is the period when it is principally to be decided whether or not yours is to be a character more beautiful than any statue that ever was carved. Some people think it makes very little difference how a boy of your age behaves. You see, *I* do not think so. On the contrary, Kenny, I watch your conduct every day with great anxiety. But my sermon is getting long, and I will stop. Tell me, have you understood it, and have you been interested?"

"Oh, I have been very much interested, and have understood most of it very well. I am going to try to be good every day."

The experiments recorded in the foregoing pages, were the conclusion of Kenny's efforts in sculpture. As has been seen, he was less successful in this department, than in drawing and painting, but even in this he found pleasure and profit, and his cousin's sermon on sculpture was not without excellent effects.

THE END.

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